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THE  
MONTHLY  
AMUSEMENT:  
NUMB. V.

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THE  
MONUMENT  
BY  
J. H. M. V.

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1897

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*El Casamiento Enganoso :*  
T H E  
Deceitful Marriage.  
A  
NOVEL.

TOGETHER,  
With a Satyrical Dialogue be-  
tween *Scipio* and *Berganza*, Two  
DOGS.

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*Written by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra,  
Author of Don Quixote.*

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*And done from the Spanish, By J. Ozell.*

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L O N D O N, Printed for D. Midwinter in St. Paul's  
Church-Yard, and B. Lintott in Fleet-Street: And  
Sold by J. Morphew near Stationers-Hall. Price 1 s,

El Capitan's English :

# Deceitful Marriage

## NOVEL

TOGETHER

With a Satirical Dialogue be-  
tween John and Robert Two

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Written by John and Robert Two  
John and Robert Two



Published by John and Robert Two  
London: John and Robert Two, 1811

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Printed by John and Robert Two

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*El Casamiento Enganoso :*

T H E

## Deceitful Marriage.

**O**UT at one of the Gates of the *Resurrection-Hospital* in *Valladolid*, a poor Soldier was walking; who, by the Paleness of his Countenance, and the Feebleness of his Legs, which oblig'd him to rest himself upon his Sword instead of a Cane, shew'd plainly, that tho' the Weather was none of the warmest, he must have been some twenty Days sweating out a certain sort of Humour, which perhaps he got in an Hour. He went along limping and reeling from Side to Side, as one just come out of a fit of Sicknefs. At the Entrance of the City-Gate he perceiv'd coming towards him a Friend, whom he had not seen for six Months before; who, as he drew nearer, crost himself as if he had met some Apparition; ' Bless me! is it *Captain Campuzano*? Is it possible you shou'd be in these Parts? I thought rather you had been in *Flanders* flourishing a half Pike, than trailing a Sword here? what Complexion? what Weakness is this?

*Campuzano* reply'd, As to whether I'm in this Land or no ( dear *Doctor Peralta* ) my Presence is a sufficient Answer; and to th<sup>e</sup> o-

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*El Casamiento Enganoso :*

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*The Deceitful Marriage.*

ther Questions I can only say, I have just left this Hospital, where I have been discharging fourteen Load of Buboes, which a certain Woman, whom I chose for my Wife, had presented me with. You are Married then! (*reply'd Peralta.*) But too much, (*said Campuzano.*) For Love I warrant (*quoth Peralta*) such Marriages always bring Repentance at their Heels. I know not whether it was for Love, *answer'd Campuzano*, But this I may affirm it was for my Sins; for since my † Marrying, or rather Marring, I have had so much Torment both in Body and Mind, that the first has cost me forty Sweatings, and the last is not to be reliev'd at any rate, I fear: But you'll excuse me that I can't Discourse with you any longer in the Street; Some other time with more Convenience, I'll give you an Account of my Adventures, which are so amazingly singular, you never heard the like in your Life. We must not part so (*says the Doctor*) I desire you wou'd go with me to my Lodging, and there we will do Penance together, for my House-keeping is as slender as you are weak; but tho' my Kettle be calculated for only two (my self and Servant) a Pasty shall supply Deficiencies, with some Slices of Gammon, if your Health will permit; but the best Dish of all is a hearty Welcome, which you may be always sure of, not only now, but as often as you please to come. *Campuzano* thank'd him, and accepted the Invitation; they went to *Sr. Laurences* to hear Mass, and from thence to *Peralta's* House, who treated him as he had promis'd, repeated his Offers of Friendship; and after Dinner, desir'd him to relate the Adventures that had

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† *The Author Plays upon the Words, Casamiento and Canfamiento.*

made such an Impression upon him. *Campuzano*, without more Intreaty, began in this manner, You may very well remember, Sir, that I was Comrade in this City with Captain *Pedro de Herrera*, who is now in *Flanders*; I remember it (reply'd *Peralta*). One Day, (continues *Campuzano*,) after we had din'd in the House where we lodg'd, came in two Women of genteel Appearance, with two Servant Maids; one apply'd her self to the Captain, discoursing with him in a Bay-Window; and t'other sat her self on a Chair close by me, with her Face so muffled that I cou'd discover nothing of it; and tho' I begg'd she wou'd favour me with a Sight of it, 'twas impossible to prevail; which inflam'd my Desire the more, and to raise it so much the higher (whether by Chance or Design) she discover'd a charming white Hand, adorn'd with a great many beautiful Rings. I was then in my Days of Bravery, with that great Chain which you may have seen, a Hat garnish'd with Feathers, and a dazling Hatband, colour'd Cloaths and all that; So glorious I was in the Eyes of my own Folly, that I thought I cou'd kill all the Women flying. Full of this very good Opinion of my self, I press'd her to Unveil. She answer'd, Don't be uneasy, I have a House, let a Page follow me; for tho' I am a Woman of more Honour than such an Answer may seem to Promise, I shall, however, be very glad to receive a Visit from you, to see if your good Qualities answer your Gallantry.

I kiss'd her Hands for the signal Favour she did me, and in return promis'd Mountains of Gold. The other Lady having dispatch'd her Business with the Captain, they both took their Leaves, and went their Ways, being follow'd at a Distance by a Footman of mine; the Captain told me, that the Lady

was come to desire him to transmit some Letters to *Flanders* to another Captain, who she said was her Couzen, tho' he knew he was nothing but her Keeper. I remain'd fir'd with those Hands of Snow I had seen, and languishing for the Face I wanted to see. So the next Day, being conducted by my Man, and free Entrance given, I found a well-furnish'd House, and a Woman about thirty Years of Age, whom I knew by her Hands; she was not extremely Beautiful, but one of those who charm by their Conversation; for she had a Sweetness of Speech, which thro' the Ears enter'd into the very Soul. My Discourse with her was long and full of Love. I talk'd big, brag'd much, swore not a little, promis'd Impossibilities, and did all those things, which I thought necessary to make a Conquest of her; but she, being us'd to such Language, or perhaps bigger, seem'd rather to give me the Hearing than any Credit. In short, I was upon these Terms with her for four Days: My Visits pass'd in Flowers only, without producing the Fruit I desir'd; The Doors were always open to me; I found the House free and quiet, without any appearance of pretended Relations, or true Friends: Nor did I perceive any thing in her Conduct, but what shew'd a happy Education. She had one Servant, a Wench more a Jade than a Fool; In short, the oftner I saw her, the more was I enchanted with her Person and Manner: But Delays did not at all suit with my Impatience. So, managing my Amours like a Soldier just upon the point of decamping, I prest *Dona Estiphanía* (for that was my Mistress's Name) to own if I had any Place in her Heart, and if I might flatter my self with the Hopes of ever possessing her. I talk a little, *en Cavalier*, (added I to her, begging her Pardon,) but that I dy'd to know whether I was to be

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be the happiest or most miserable of Men. To which she made this Answer ; ‘ Sir, not to deceive either you or my self, I must confess I think it wou’d be Madness, if I went about to pass upon you for a Saint ; I have been a Sinner, and am one still, but not so as for the Neighbours to talk of it, or those at a distance to observe it. There is nothing in this World that affects one’s Reputation, but the *Manner* of doing Things ; for as to the rest, Persons of our Sex are all alike, only some are more Cautious than others, and that’s all the Difference. After this Confession, which I was willing to make that you might have nothing hereafter to reproach your self or me with ; I must tell you, that I inherit no Estate from Father, Mother, or other Relation, and yet the Goods of this House are well worth five and twenty hundred Crowns at least, and that too in things which will fetch ready Money at any Time. With this little Fortune I am in search of a Husband, whom I wou’d Obey and Oblige ; I will renounce all manner of Pleasure, and make it my constant Study to please and serve him upon Principles of Duty and Vertue, to make him as happy as I hope to be my self ; for I trust that Heaven, who knows the purity of my Intentions, will allot me a Man that’s Vertuous and Reasonable. Such as you see me, I can turn my Hand to any thing ; there is not the nicest Cook belonging to the greatest Prince, who knows better than I do to furnish an Entertainment, or make a Bill of Fare, when I have a mind to’t ; I know how to act the Steward in the House, the Cook in the Kitchen, and the Lady in the Hall ; In short, I know how to command and make my self be obey’d ; I squander nothing, but gather much ; my Money is

ne'ertheless valuable, but the more, for being laid out with my own Hands. This Linnen and this Gown which I wear, came not from the Shops; no, these Thumbs of mine and my Servants, spun them; and if I'd had any Conveniency for Weaving, I had wove 'em too: There are few sorts of Work I'm ignorant of, and in which I do not take a Pleasure; but my best Quality is, I am not Splenetick nor Contradictory, and I Love tenderly where I do Love: I am sensible, (continues she, with an agreeable Air,) that perhaps I shall love a Husband but too well: However, (adds she immediately,) a Husband is what I'm in quest of, for 'tis very fitting I shou'd have a Support; there's no living unmarried all one's Life: You know the little Railleries to which we are expos'd, when we have attain'd a certain Age. As for Lovers I am weary of them, I want a Husband that may Protect me, Honour me and Command me, and not a Gallant to Serve and Despire me: If you like this Offer, here I am, subject to every thing you shall Command, without having to do with Match-makers or Go-betweens, which is downright Selling one's Self, for no Body can manage these things better than the Parties themselves.

I, who at that time had my Judgment not in my Head, but my Heels, fancying the Happiness to be greater than even my Fancy cou'd paint it; and setting before my Eyes the vast Quantity of rich Moveables (which I already contemplated as so much ready Money) and which were far more valuable than she said they were, I cast my self at her Knees without making the least Reflexion, and taking her Hands between my own, I kiss'd them a thousand and a thousand times in transports of Joy.

The

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‘ The Husband whom you seek you have found  
 (says I to her) Fairest *Estiphania*, I am that happy,  
 that fortunate Man on whom Heaven has miraculously  
 bestow’d a Companion to be the Mistress of his Will  
 and of his Fortune. I told her afterwards, that besides  
 the Chain which I wore, and some other Toys, I had  
 a good 2000 Ducats, which with her Estate would  
 make a Sum more than sufficient to retire with  
 to a little Village, where I was born, and where  
 I had some Inheritance; That There *She* might  
 unbend herself from the *Grand Monde*, and I from  
 the Trade of War, which I began to disrelish,  
 because Merit was not always taken notice of:  
 That in short, we could nor, either of us, make  
 a more agreeable or more honourable Retreat;  
 That we had nothing to do but to Love; that for  
 my part I had resolv’d to love and adore her  
 to the last Moment of my Life.

*Estiphania* acquiesc’d to all, and we immediately  
 concerted the manner of our Nuptials. The Bans  
 were publish’d the three first Holidays in *Easter*  
*Week*, and the fourth we were married; two Friends  
 of Mine being present at the Ceremony, and on her  
 part another young Fellow she call’d Couzen, to  
 whom I offer’d all the Civilities of a true Kinsman,  
 with Expressions as full of Courtesie, as those were  
 I had us’d to my new Wife, though with so contrary  
 and treacherous an Intention, that I shall conceal it;  
 for though I am speaking the Truth, yet it is no Article  
 of Confession; such indeed ought not to pass undiscov-  
 er’d: My Valet carry’d my Trunk to my Wife’s  
 House, and in her Presence I lock’d up my gorgeous  
 Chain, and shew’d at the same time three or four  
 more, tho’ not so large, at least better Workmanship,  
 with several Harbands of divers sorts; I caus’d all  
 my Plumes of Feathers and my gay Cloaths to pass

in Review before her, and gave her for the Expence of the House upwards of four hundred Reals. Six Days did I eat the Wedding-bread, strutting in the House like a rakish Son-in-Law in that of a rich Father; I trod upon Turkey-work Tapestry, I rumpl'd Holland Sheers, I was illuminated with Silver Sconces, I breakfasted in Bed, rose at eleven a Clock, din'd at twelve, and refresh'd my self with a Nap at two in the Afternoon upon the *Estrado*. My Wife and Maid were mighty officious to please me; my Valer, who till then was lazy and slow, was now become a Roebuck.

When *Dona Estiphania* was missing from my Elbow, she was to be sure in the Kitchen, employ'd in making Sauces to quicken my Taste and revive my Appetite. My Shirts, Bands and Handkerchiefs, dazl'd the Sight with their Whiteness, and perfum'd the Air with their Odor. These Days past swift, as do the Years that are under the Jurisdiction of Time; during which, when I saw my self so serv'd and regal'd, I began to change the wicked Design, with which I had begun this Affair.

One Morning as I lay in Bed with *Estiphania*, there was heard a violent knocking at the Street-Door. The Maid went to the Window, and drawing back in a Moment, crys out, 'Welcome to Town! This is an agreeable Surprize to come sooner than she writ Word she wou'd. Who is she that is come, Wench (cry'd I.) Who? (said she,) 'tis my Mistress, Madam *Clementa Buefo*, and brings with her *Don Lopez de Almendarez*, and her Woman *Hortigosa* with two Footmen. Quick, run and open to them, crys *Estiphania*, and turning to me, begg'd I wou'd not be mov'd nor answer to any thing they shou'd say. Why, what can they say to offend you in my Presence? tell me who these are, that

you

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you seem Disturb'd and Confounded. I have not time to tell you (*answer'd Estiphanía*) only be assur'd, that whatever you see, it is all Fiction, and tends to a certain design which you shall know after the Effect. As I was going to reply, in comes *Dona Clementa* dress'd like a real Queen, in a Suit of green figur'd Satin, set off with Lace of Gold and Silver, with a Hat and Feather of various Colours, encircled with a rich gold Band; one half of her Face was cover'd with a thin Gauze Veil. She was led by *Don Lopez* a Cavalier of a princely Presence, and as magnificently dress'd. *Hortigosa* follow'd, and was the first that spoke; 'Jesus, *crys she*, what's here? *Dona Clementa's* Bed taken up, and in the Possession of a Man? Do I sleep, or am I awake! May I believe my own Eyes! certainly never was any thing more extraordinary. *Estiphanía* has given her self large Liberties on my Word, she has made good use of Madam's Absence, to pass the Nights in the Arms of a Fellow; but 'tis carrying the Jest a little too far, methinks. You're in the right *Hortigosa*, said the Lady, am no less surpriz'd than you at *Estiphanía's* Management: 'Tis an Adventure so singularly pleasant, to find a Man in my Bed, that notwithstanding my Resentment, I cannot help Laughing. But I am as much to blame as *Estiphanía*, adds she in a serious Tone, to leave her Mistress of my House; I shall endeavour another time to know People better. She was proceeding, but *Estiphanía* interrupted her, 'Madam, said she, I most humbly beg that you will not be offended; what you see is a Mystery wherein there is nothing Criminal; I will unriddle it to you, whenever you will please to hear me, and I am perswaded you will be so far from blaming my Conduct, that you will give

*The Deceitful Marriage.*

it your Approbation While this Scene was passing,  
 I dress'd my self, and whatever my Wife had told  
 me, that this was nothing but a Comedy, I was a  
 Spectator that made but a very indifferent Figure,  
 you may well imagine. While I was thus distract-  
 ed in my Thoughts, *Estiphania* comes, and taking  
 me by the Hand, carries me into another Chamber,  
 where she told me, ' that this Lady was a Friend of  
 ' hers, and had a design upon *Don Lopez* who came  
 ' with her, and whom she intended to marry; that  
 ' the Jest lay in making him believe this House with  
 ' all the Furniture belong'd to her, and that the  
 ' Marriage being once over, she did not value her  
 ' being discover'd, confiding in her own Beauty,  
 ' and the great Love he had for her; however it be,  
 ' adds she, the moment they're marry'd, they will  
 ' restore us our own, and I think my self oblig'd,  
 ' as a Friend, to do her this small Service. This is  
 ' no regular proceeding I own, either on her side  
 ' or mine; but upon the prospect of so good a  
 ' Match as *Don Lopez*, I fancy we cannot be blam'd  
 ' in the least, to make use of this Stratagem. Men  
 ' know but too well how to trick us Women; we  
 ' have every Day Examples of it; why therefore  
 ' may not we do the like, when occasion offers?  
 ' In the mean time, rest you quiet, all the harm that  
 ' will befall us, is, we shall have a Present which  
 ' will make amends for our Complaisance, in yield-  
 ' ing up our House for a time, to a Person for  
 ' whom you will have the same Friendship as my  
 ' self, the first Minute you come to know her. I  
 answer'd, 'twas an extream piece of Friend-  
 ship to do as she did, and that she wou'd do  
 well to consider throughly of it, otherwise she  
 might be put to the trouble of having re-  
 course to Justice for the Recovery of her own.  
 She

*The Deceitful Marriage:*

II

She gave me so many Reasons, and alledg'd so many Obligations she was under to serve *Senora Clementa*, even in things of greater Importance, that I was forc'd, in spite of my self, to condescend to her Humour, after she had assur'd me that this Feinte shou'd not last above eight Days, during which we were to remain in the House of another Friend of hers. We both of us made an end of dressing ourselves, and she taking leave of *Dona Clementa* and *Don Lopez*, I bid my Valet take up my Trunk and follow her, as I did my self, without bidding any Body adieu. *Dona Estiphanía* stop'd at her Friend's House, with whom she had a very long Discourse at the Door: I began to be impatient, when a sort of a Servant came and told us we might come in; we were conducted into a very narrow Chamber, where there were two Beds, so close to each other that they seem'd but one, there being no space that divided 'em: Here we stay'd six Days, all which time I was cursedly out of Humour; the Tenderness which we had sworn to each other, and which was to last till Death, began now to grow cold. There past not an Hour without quarrelling, and all because I reproach'd her for delivering up her House and Goods, even tho' it had been to her own Mother. To dissipate my Chagrin, which I cou'd not surmount when I consider'd my Apartment, I went abroad and walk'd about the Town. But when I return'd to my Dog-kennel, the Spleen seiz'd me again, and I discharg'd it upon *Estiphanía*; the burthen of my Song being the Folly she had committed, of which she wou'd surely repent, and I was no ill Prophet with regard to my self. *Estiphanía* kept at Home; but one Day that she said she would go and see in what Condition her Affairs stood, The Woman of the House where we lodg'd wou'd needs know

know of me the Cause why I was so often out of Humour with *Estiphania*, and what she had done which could occasion me to tell her perpetually, *that it was rather Madness than Friendship*. Upon this I gave her the whole Story, and when I came to mention my being married to *Estiphania*, and the Portion she brought me, and her Simplicity in quitting her House and Goods to *Dona Clementa*, though it were upon so laudable an Account, as that of making her Friend's Fortune; she began to make so many signs of the Cross, and to repeat so many *Jesus's*, and so many times *The Base Woman*! that I was perfectly confounded. At length after much pausing, ' Captain (*says she*) I know not if I go against my Conscience, in discovering a thing which in my Opinion wou'd be as great a load upon't, if I conceal'd it: But be that as it shall please God and good Fortune; let Truth live for ever, and let Lying Perish: the Truth is, that *Dona Clementa Buesa* is the rightful Owner of that House and Furniture, and upon which the Portion you talk of is assign'd; whatever *Estiphania* may have told you, 'tis all a Lie, for she has neither House nor Goods nor Cloaths but what she carries on her Back. *Dona Clementa* has to be sure some Friendship for *Estiphania*. That Lady being oblig'd a while ago to take a Journey to *P'acentia*, left her with a Servant in the House to take care of it, during her Absence. *Estiphania* has improv'd the Opportunity, by pretending the rich Furniture you saw was hers; you believ'd her, marry'd her, and have paid for your Imprudence: However, I must own, *adds she*, all things consider'd, the Woman is in some degree excusable, for having found means to obtain a Husband of your Distinction and Merit, and you ought to forgive her. Men are now-a-days

so

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‘ so shy, that they must have Nets laid for them to  
‘ take ‘em. Since you are snap’r, the best Remedy  
‘ is Patience : Marriages are made in Heav’n, tho’  
‘ consummated upon Earth ; this Woman was pre-  
‘ ordain’d to be your Wife, so don’t accuse *her*,  
‘ but your ill Destiny. Here her Discourse had an  
end, and my Despair a beginning, which without  
doubt would have had fatal Consequences, if my  
rutelar Angel had not been watchful of his Charge,  
secretly bidding me remember I was a Christian,  
and that the greatest Sin of Mankind was Despair,  
that being likewise the Sin of Devils ; This good  
Inspiration comforted me a little, but not so much,  
but I took my Sword and Cloak and went after  
*Estiphania*, with a design to take an Exemplary  
Revenge of her ; but Fortune (whether for my E-  
vil or my Good) ordain’d that my Search shou’d be  
in vain. I went to St. Laurences, recommended my  
self to all the Saints, but was ne’ertheless uneasie :  
from thence, full of sad and melancholious  
Thoughts, I went to the House of *Dona Clementa*,  
which I found in perfect Tranquility. I did not  
dare to say any thing to her of my Misfortune, be-  
cause of the Presence of her Husband *Don Lopez*.  
I return’d to my Landlady, who told me, that *Esti-*  
*phania* knew her Treachery was discover’d, for that  
she had charitably inform’d her of the Passion I was  
in, and how I was gone in search of her : She add-  
ed, that *Estiphania* was terribly frightened, and went  
away with a Bundle of Things----- Upon this I ran  
to my Trunk, and found it open as a Sepulchre  
gaping for some dead Body which certainly had  
been my own, if any Sence had been left me to  
resent, or weigh so many Misfortunes. ‘ Doubtless  
your Trouble was very great (*says Peralta*) to lose so  
many Chains, Gold Harbands, &c. The loss of  
‘ them

' them do's not so much Grieve me (*said Campu-*  
 ' zano) because I may say as the Fellow did when  
 ' they had marry'd him to a Woman who had a  
 ' little too much Flesh upon her Shoulders: My  
*Father-in-Law* thought to have trick'd me with his  
 round shoulder'd Daughter, but I'cod I'm Humpy  
 my self. To what purpose is this Expression? (*cry'd*  
*Peralta,*) To let you know, (*answer'd Campuzano,*)  
 that this whole Cargo of Chains, Hatbands and  
 other Trinkets, might be worth ten or a Dozen  
 Crowns: You jest (*reply'd the Doctor*) the Chain  
 which Captain *Campuzano* us'd to wear about his  
 Neck, I'm satisfy'd weigh'd no less than two hun-  
 dred Ducats. That might have been (*says Cam-*  
*puzano*) if the Truth had answer'd the Appea-  
 rance; but as all is not Gold that glisters, the  
 Chains, Hatbands, and other things, were con-  
 tent with being gilt Copper; and yet so well  
 done, that nothing but a Touchstone or the Fire,  
 cou'd discover their Falseness. So then, (*said Pe-*  
*ralta*) you have bit one another, it seems, and the  
 Hands being alike, you are to deal *de-novo*. So  
*he, cry'd the Captain*, that we have nothing to  
 do, as you say, but to shuffle the Cards again.  
 But the worst is, Doctor, she may indeed get rid  
 of my false Jewels, but I can't of her Person; for  
 in short, she's my Wife, and there's no unmarrying.  
 Thank God, *said Peralta*, that this Wife has Feet  
 to go with, and that you are not bound to follow  
 her. 'Tis true (*answer'd Campuzano*) but for all  
 that, I find her continually in my Thoughts, tho'  
 I don't look for her, and my Shame is always be-  
 fore me. I know not what to say as to that (*re-*  
*ply'd Peralta,*) but only to revive to your Memo-  
 ry these two Verses of *Petrarch's*:

*Che*

*Che qui prende diletto di far frode,  
Non si de lamentar si altri l'ingana.*

Which is as much as to say in our *Castilian*, That whoever takes a Pleasure to Cheat another, ought not to complain when he's cheated himself. I understand you, *Peralta* (*crys Campuzano*) you mean that I have been beaten with my own Weapons; I own it; and at the same time am to blame; Honesty is the best Policy, after all; but you know, it is not the Way of the World. To conclude my History, added *Campuzano*, which I fancy cannot but seem long to you: I was inform'd that this Couzin of *Estiphania's*, who I told you was present at our Nuptials, was the Person she went away with; he was as much her Relation as he is yours; I found afterwards he was neither better nor worse than one of her Galants: Be it as 'twill, I had no desire to go after her, for I consider'd she was unworthy of my Resentment; besides I was unwilling, by making a Noise, to expose my self to the Railleries of the Publick. I chang'd my Lodgings, and my Hair too, a few Days after; for my Eye-lashes and Brows began to drop, and by little and little the Hair of my Head fell and left me bald before my time. You know the Name of the Distemper which makes such terrible Work; I shall not explain my self further; I found my self really a poor bare Devil, for I had neither Beard to Comb, nor Money to Spend. Sickness increas'd with Necessity. And as Poverty tramples Honour underfoot, and carries some to the Gibbet, others to the Hospital, and not a few to the Gates of their Enemies with Prayers and Submissions, (which is one of the greatest Misfortunes that can befall a Man;) Not to embezzle in  
my

my Sickness the Cloaths that were to cover and honour me in Health ; and the time being come, of taking People into the Hospital, I was admitted among others, and have suffer'd Martyrdom for forty Days : They tell me I shall do well, if I take care of my self ; I have my Sword and that's all, God provide the rest !

The Doctor once more offer'd him his Purse, telling him he was surpriz'd at the things he had heard. You wonder at small Matters, says *Campuzano*, There's that behind will surprize you much more : What has befallen me, has perhaps happen'd a thousand times, but what remains for me, to tell you, has never happen'd ; 'tis a real Miracle, which exceeds all Imagination, and passes beyond the Limits of Nature : Let your Curiosity be satisfy'd, they are things of such a kind, that I reckon my Sufferings as nothing, since they have procured me the Sight of a Prodigy, which you will not easily, nor perhaps ever believe ; neither you nor any other Person in the World. This preamble of the Captains kindled the Curiosity of the Doctor, so that with more Impatience than before, he begg'd of him without further delay, to relate the Wonders he had to tell. You may have seen two Dogs (said *Campuzano*) with two Lanterns, going in the Night time with the *Brothers of the Basket* lighting of them, whilst they collect their Alms. I have seen them, says *Peralta*. You may also have teen or heard say, (continues the Captain) that if any Alms be cast out of a Window, and it fall to the Ground, they presently run with their Lanterns and look for it, and will likewise stop before the Window where they are used to give any thing ; and though by their Tameness they rather seem Sheep than Dogs ; yet in the Hospital they

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they are Lyons, guarding the House with great Care and Vigilance, I have heard all this (said *Peralta* who expected quite another thing) but this is no such great Miracle — But what I am going to relate of 'em, is, says *Campuzano*, and so without blessing your self, or alledging the Impossibility or Difficulties, prepare to believe what I am going to tell you : The Night before last, about Midnight, being kept awake by thinking of my Misfortunes, I heard a talking among some old Mats that were behind my Bed ; at first I did not much mind it, thinking that not being well, my Ears might deceive me : However, at length being thoroughly convinced that I heard two distinct Voices, I raised my self a little upon my Bed, and perceived they were *Scipio* and *Berganza*, the two Dogs we have been speaking of. Scarce had *Campuzano* said this, when the Doctor rising, ' Your humble Servant, Captain, (*crys be*) I was all along in doubt whether or no I should Credit the Story of your Marriage; but by what you now mention about these Dogs, I see you have a mind to make your self merry, you enlarge a little too much to be believ'd; however, I thank you for your Romance; but you ought in your turn to thank me for pitying your feign'd Misfortunes. I beseech you, Sir, don't tell such Tales to any but those who are your very good Friends, as I am. I said you wou'd fly out, cryed *Campuzano* very seriously; however, you may depend upon it, *Scipio* and *Berganza* did actually confabulate for some time together. I know very well, that, Naturally, Beasts cannot speak, but by Miracle they may. Magpyes and Parrots talk, but they only Articulate certain Words they get by Rote, and which they pronounce Mechanically without understanding them, their Tongues being properly dispos'd

pos'd for such Sounds; but these two Dogs did not only talk, but understood very well what they said, and made very rational Answers. I own I had like to have call'd in Question my very Apprehension, and even to give up for a Dream what I did really hear and observe, being awake with all my five Senses about me, such as it pleas'd God to bestow on me. But what effectually convinced me that I was awake, (added he,) and that I certainly heard *Scipio* and *Berganza* speak, is, that the Things they spoke were so very good, that 'twas beyond my Capacity to invent them: For every Body is not permitted to go to *Corinth*. I tell thee the Subjects they treated of were great and various, and more worthy to be handled by wise Men, than to come out of the Mouths of Dogs. *Body of me, Sir,* says the Doctor, *we are return'd then, it seems, to the times of Queen Dick, when Pumpkins spoke, or to the Age of Æsop, when the Cock discours'd with the Fox, and the rest of the Beasts one with another.* I should be such a Beast my self, and a greater than all of them, replied the Captain, if I believed that time was come again; nor should I be the less so, if I did forbear believing what I heard, what I saw, and what I will undertake to confirm with an Oath that may satisfy Incredulity it self: But put the Case that I am deceived, and that my Realities are Dreams, and my Assurances idle Fancies; will it please you, Sir, to see in Writing the Conversation of these two Dogs, or what else you please to call them? *Provided,* says the Doctor, *you teize me no more with persuading me, that Beasts destitute of Reason can hold an Argument, I will listen with all my Heart to their pretended Discourse, which I doubt not is very good and solid, because I believe it to be of your own making.* This is not all, said *Compuzano*, for being  
very

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very attentive, and having a delicate Judgment and a subtile Memory, not at all incumbered (thanks to the many dry'd Raisins and Almonds I had eaten) I took it by Heart; and Word for Word as I heard it, wrote it over the next Day, without studying for Rhetorical Colours to adorn it, or to diminish or add any thing to render it more agreeable. The Discourse didn't last only one Night, but two successively, though I took but one in Writing, which contains the Life of *Berganza*; and as for that of his Companion *Scipio*, which was the Subject of the second Night, I think to write it when I find that this shall be believ'd, or at least not despis'd: I have thrown it in the Form of a Dialogue, to abridge it of the Repetitions of *Scipio said so and so, to which Berganza answered so and so*, Which are Words on purpose to lengthen out and make Writings swell to a Bulk. With this he drew out of his Bosom a stich'd Book, and put it into the Doctor's Hands, who took it smiling, and as it were making a Jest of all he had heard, and all he expected to read. I will repose my self (says *Campuzano*) in this Chair, whilst you read these Dreams or Amusements, of which the best thing that can be said is, *They may be laid aside when they grow tiresome*. Enjoy your Pleasure, said *Peralta*, for I will soon dispatch this Task. The Captain sits him down, the Doctor opens the Book, and sees in the Beginning this Title.

A

*A DIALOGUE which pass'd between Scipio and Berganza, two Dogs (belonging to the Hospital of the Resurrection in the City of Valladolid, without the Gate Del Campo;) commonly call'd the Dogs of Mahudes.*

*Scip.* **F**Riend *Berganza*, let us leave the Guard of the Hospital this Night to Providence; we are now in a Solitude, where we may Converse without Witnesses; since we have the use of Speech, let us improve this Favour which Heaven has bestowed upon us.

*Berg.* I hear thee speak *Scipio*, and am convinced that I my self do the same; yet I have all the Difficulty in the World to believe it, so extraordinary does the thing appear.

*Scip.* It is extraordinary, without doubt, and so much the more, as that we not only Speak, but Reason at the same time, and yet none but Man is a reasonable Creature.

*Berg.* I understand all you say, and when I reflect upon't, I cannot enough admire thy Metamorphosis and my own. It is true, during the Course of my Life, I have heard of divers great Prerogatives we Dogs have, insomuch that, it seems, some People have been of opinion, we have a natural Instinct, very little short of Reason.

*Scip.* True,

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*Scip.* True, *Berganza*, this Instinct of ours is something that surprizes, and finds Work for the wisest Heads : We have Memory, they cannot but own : We have Gratitude, and so tender a Friendship, so unshaken a Fidelity, that we are us'd to be painted as Emblems of these two Qualifications. Didst thou never see the Inside of a Church ? Didst thou never cast thy Eyes upon those superb *Mausoleums* of Porphyry and Marble, where Men cause themselves to be intomb'd. Thou mayst have perceiv'd, that where Man and Wife are buried together, there's always the Figure of a Dog at their Feet, to shew, that in their Life-time, they kept a faithful and inviolable Friendship.

*Berg.* I know very well, there have been Dogs so faithful, they have thrown themselves into the same Tomb where there Masters were interr'd ; others have remain'd on their Grave-stones without stirring, or eating, 'till they have starv'd themselves to Death. 'Tis known likewise, that next to the Elephant, the Dog seems to have most Appearance of Understanding, and after him comes the Horse, and then the Monkey.

*Scip.* It is true ; but you will own that you never saw, nor heard of any Elephant, Horse, or Monkey that ever spoke ; from whence I conclude, that this so unexpected an Accident falls within the Number of those things that are call'd Prodigies, which never appear, but the World is threatned with some strange Calamity.

*Berg.* I know what they say of Prodigies ; that they are never seen with Impunity ; and what confirms me that this presages no Good to Mankind, is a piece of News which fell from the Mouth of a Student some days ago, as he was passing by *Alcala de Henares*.

*Scip.*

*Scip.* Why, what did you hear him say?

*Berg.* That, of five thousand Students, who are keeping their Terms this Year in the University, there were two thousand that study'd Physick.

*Scip.* And what do you infer from thence?

*Berg.* I infer, that these two Thousand Physicians must either have Patients in Proportion (which would be woundy ill Luck for Mankind) or else that they themselves will be in danger of starving. But be it as it will, a Prodigy, or no Prodigy; what is to happen, will happen; there's no reversing the Decrees of Fate.

*Scip.* Thou say'st well, *Berganza*, if what befalls us, presages any Misfortunes to Mankind, they are Misfortunes we cannot prevent. It is better therefore to leave Events in the Hands of him who is Master of them; and without desiring to penetrate by what secret Views of Providence we are endu'd with Speech, Let us enjoy this delightful Privilege, for we know not how long it may last.

*Berg.* With all my Heart; for since I had Strength to gnaw a Bone, I have been desirous of the Faculty of Speech, to utter the things I have lodg'd in my Memory, where they are grown mouldy with Age, or stiff'd by being too numerous; I believe as well as you, that this Privilege of being able to communicate what we know, is only temporary, otherwise it wou'd be no longer a Prodigy; let us not stay till he that has made us so rich a Present, take it from us; but since we have so Divine a Faculty, let us make use of it.

*Scip.* Well then, Friend *Berganza*, do you give me an Account this Night of your Life, and the Distresses thro' which you have pass'd to your present Condition; and if to morrow Evening we have the same

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same Blessing continu'd to us, I will give thee a Relation of mine; for it is much better to imploy the time in reflecting upon our own Lives, than to spend it to no purpose in learning other People's.

*Berg.* Agreed ; but first take heed that no body hear us.

*Scip.* There's no body but a Soldier there, in a Flux : But I fancy the Condition he is in, will rather incline him to sleep than to listen to us.

*Berg.* Since I may speak with Assurance, attend, and if I grow tedious, silence me.

*Scip.* Begin, my dear Friend, I shall be all Ears, tho' thou wert to speak till to morrow Morning ; unless it be absolutely necessary to interrupt thee.

*Berg.* The first time I ever saw the Sun, was in *Sevil*, and in the Slaughter-house, which is without the *Flesh-gate* ; from whence I should conclude (were it not for something I shall tell you anon) that my Parents must have been some of those Mastiffs which are commonly brought up by Butchers Prentices. The first I knew for Master was one *Nicholas Flat Nose*, a robust young Fellow, ill-favour'd, Cholerick, and Deceitful, as almost all of the Trade are. This Master *Nicholas* taught me, and other little Whelps, which he had, to bark at Passengers, particularly the Poor, and to pursue them without Pity. When there was any Bull baiting, he threw us in the midst of the great Dogs, that we might learn to do as they did : He excited us with his Voice and his Hand, which was lin'd with a good Cudgel ; and I own, that tho' very often I did not find my Account in those Skirmishes, I became, in a little time, so active, that I did not fear the biggest Bull they could shew me : It is surprising, how Hardy and Curst I grew in so short a Space.

*Scip.* No-

*Scip.* Nothing is more easily learn'd than Mischief; we are prone to it by our Nature, we are born with this evil Bias.

*Berg.* You say very true; but what good could I learn under the worst of Men, I mean those belonging to the Shambles, where I just now told thee, I believe I drew my first Breath? They are People without Education, without Religion, and without Conscience, from the least to the greatest; most insatiable Whore-Masters, and real Cutthroats, who to maintain their Doxies, steal with both Hands without Mercy. Every Morning, on Flesh Days, before the Sun is up, there are seen in the Shambles, a great Number of Boys and Girls, with Bags, which they bring empty, but carry away full. There's no sort of Cattle that's kill'd, but this Gang carries off the Tenth, and the first Fruits, before 'tis expos'd to Sale. The Masters, for all this, care not, not to avoid being robb'd, for they know that's inevitable; but that they may be moderate in their Slices and Collops, and not carry off the very best Parts. But no one thing amazes me more, or shocks me so much as their Cruelty. To see these Butchers, with the same Ease murder a Man, as knock down an Ox. A Stab with a Knife is nothing with them, and there hardly passes a Day, but they shed Human Blood, with as much Unconcern as they do that of Beasts, and believe it no more a Crime. They all value themselves upon being Stout; and tho' they're meer Ruffians, Wretches abandon'd to the most infamous Vices, yet there's not one of 'em but recommends himself every Moment to his Guardian-Angel, or to some Saint, and on certain Days of Devotion, consecrates part of what  
he

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he cheats People of, as an Offering. Thus they abuse the most sacred Part of their Religion, and wherein they imagine it consists.

*Scip.* Faith, *Berganza*, if thou stayest to draw the Pictures of all the Masters thou hast serv'd, as much as thou hast done of these Butchers of *Seville*, we must e'en pray to Heaven to grant us the Use of our Tongues for a Year at least; and even then at the rate thou proceedest, thou wilt hardly reach to the middle of thy Story. Look ye, *Berganza*, in an Orator, there's nothing like being short. In Matter of Discourse, some Stories have a natural Gracefulness, which they carry in themselves, and in others, it depends upon the manner of relating 'em: I mean, that there are some, which tho' they are Told without Preamble or Ornament of Words, do yet give great Satisfaction; whereas, others require to be cloath'd with Oratory, and a Demonstration of the Countenance, the Hands, the Change of the Voice, and other Actions whereby they become elevating, and from weak and cold, grow sprightly and pleasant. Remember this Advice, that you may make use of it hereafter.

*Berg.* I will, if I can; tho', to own the Truth, ever since I found I cou'd speak, I have had a deadly Itch to be talking.

*Scip.* Take heed to your Tongue, for that's the Cause of the greatest Mischiefs in Human Life.

*Berg.* To continue my History; My Master taught me, in time, to carry a Basket in my Mouth, and to defend my self against any that should endeavour to take it from me. He shew'd me the House of a very pretty Woman that he kept, and by this Means, spar'd her Servant the Trouble of coming to the Shambles: For I carry'd to her early in the Morning, what he had stol'n for her in the Night.

C

Once

26 *The Deceitful Marriage, &c.*

Once about Dawn-light, as I was carrying the Pittance, I heard my self call'd from a Window; I cast up my Eyes, and perceiv'd a Young Woman extreamly handsome, who made a Sign for me to stop. She came down to the Door, and call'd me again; I ran to her to see what she wanted with me, which was nothing but to take away the Meat I had in my Basket, putting an old Pattin in the room of it. *Flesh to Flesh*, says I to my self. After she had taken it, Get thee gone *Berganza*, cry'd she, tell thy Master *Nicholas*, *there's no trusting to Beasts, and of a Wolf take what you can, if it be but a Hair*. I could easily have made her return the Meat, but I thought her so beautiful, and the Hands that robb'd me so fair, and the Theft perform'd with so good a Grace, that I had not the Heart to do her the least Violence.

*Scip.* You did well, *Berganza*, it is one of the Prerogatives of Beauty to beget Respect.

*Berg.* I did respect her, as you hear; but this Respect was the Cause of my Disgrace. I went home to my Master, with the Pattin in my Basket; he thought I had made good Haste, but seeing the Pattin, smook'd a Trick, and drawing a Knife darted it at me with such Force and Fury, that if I had not turn'd aside, you had never heard this Story, nor several others, I'm going to tell you. I took up my Heels, and never look'd behind me, till Fortune brought me to the Fields of *St. Bernard*. That Night I slept under the Canopy of Heaven, and the next Day Providence presented to my Sight a Flock of Sheep, which as soon as I set Eye on, I thought I had found the Centre of my Happiness, it seeming to me to be the proper and natural Office of Beasts of our Species, to defend those that are born weak and defenceless. This Flock was kept by  
three

three Shepherds, who no sooner perceiv'd, but call'd me. I, desiring nothing more, went towards them, bowing my Head, and wagging my Tail. One of them presently feels my Chin, looks on my Teeth, spits in my Mouth, and made mighty much of me. He examines my Spurs, and knowing my Age by certain Marks, assur'd the other Shepherds, that I was a Dog of a good Breed. While this was doing, the Master of the Flock arriv'd, mounted on a grey Mare, with the stirrups very short, having a Lance and Buckler, so that he look'd more like one of the Guards of the Coast, than a Grazier of Cattle. He presently ask'd what Dog I was, adding, that I seem'd to be a good one. You may depend upon it, (answer'd the Shepherd) for I have examin'd him carefully, and don't find any Signs or Tokens, but what tell me, he will be a *tall Dog*; we just now met with him; I don't know whose he shou'd be, tho' I am satisfied he does not belong to any of the Flocks hereabouts. Since it is so (replies the Master) put him on *Leonillo's* Collar, the Dog that dy'd, and give him the same Allowance as the rest, and make much of him, that he may not leave us. Having given this Order, he went his ways, and the Shepherd immediately puts about my Neck a large Collar full of Steel Points sticking out. But first, he set before me a Trough full of Bread sopp'd in Milk, and gave me the Name of *Barzino*. I was very well satisfied with my second Master, and this new Office. I shew'd my self diligent and careful, and never stirr'd from my Post, or very rarely, when I knew my Presence was not necessary. At such times I went and repos'd my self under the Shade of some Tree, or at the Foot of a Rock: Sometimes in a gloomy Vale, or on the Margin of some murmuring Brook

C 2

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Brook. These Hours of my Leisure I did not waste in Sleep; I employ'd my Memory in recollecting a thousand things, principally the Life I led, and what I had observ'd, whilst I was with my first Master; as also, what Life *he* led, and all those who, like him, are Slaves to the impertinent Pleasures of their Concubines. Oh! how many things could I tell thee of that Butcher and his Mistress; but I'll be silent, lest you shou'd think me tedious and scandalous.

*Scip.* Having heard that one of the ancient Poets should say, It was a difficult thing not to write Sateyr, I do consent that you shew your Teeth a little, provided you don't draw Blood. A Jest that makes *many* laugh, and yet causes *one* to weep, is not good. And if thou can'st be Pleasant without being scurrilous, I shall esteem thee the more.

*Berg.* I shall take your Advice, and with great Impatience expect the time when I am to hear your History; for 'tis to be hop'd, that he who so well knows how to correct the Faults of others, will take care his own Performances shall be both instructive and delightful at the same time. But to resume the Thread of my Discourse; one of the Reflections which I made in these Moments of my Solitude, was, that the Reports concerning a Shepherd's Life could not be true. I had heard how that they pass'd their days in singing and playing on the Flageolet, Rebeck, Bag-Pipe, and other extraordinary Instruments. My Mistress, whom I us'd sometimes to hear read, had a Cupboard full of Books, wherein the Character of a Shepherd was very different from those I serv'd. I remember the Shepherd *Anfiso*, who lov'd the peerless Paragon of Perfection the incomparable

*Belisarda,*

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 29

*Belisarda*, and how divinely he sung in Praise of her, from the time that *Phæbus* sallied forth from the Arms of *Aurora*, until he enter'd into those of *Thetis*; and even after, that the sable Night had spread her dark and pitchy Wings o're the Face of the whole Earth, he ceas'd not his well-sung and better wept Complaints: Nor was there upon all the Mountains of *Arcadia* the least 'Semblance of a Tree, at whose Root he had not sate to chant forth the Beauty of his Shepherdess, and to complain of her Insensibility and Rigour. Nor was the Shepherd *Eicio* behind-hand with him, in the violence of his Passion, tho' less daring to declare it. I have heard her likewise read of the great Shepherd of *Filida*, the only Painter of a true Portrait, who (she said) was more Faithful than Fortunate. As to the Sorcery of the *Syrens*, and the Repentance of *Diana*, she thank'd God and the sage *Felicia*, who with her enchanted Water had dissolv'd this Machine of Net-work, and laid open this Labyrinth of Difficulties. I remember'd several other Books of the like kind, which I had heard her read, but not altogether so worthy of being recounted.

*Scip.* I find you're improv'd by my Advice, *Berganza*. Be Satyrical and spare not, but let your Intention be pure, tho' it appears not in the Tongue.

*Berg.* In these things the Tongue never trips, unless the Intention stumble first.

*Scip.* A wise Man ought never to say any thing that may give Occasion for an Excuse; but proceed.

*Berg.* I say that these Thoughts, and many more, were suggested to me, by seeing the Exercises and Employments of my Masters and the other Shepherds round about, so different from, and contrary to those mention'd in Books. For if our Shepherds

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Sung, they were no fine Airs, nor well compos'd Tunes, but only *Cata el lobo do va Juanica*, *Tow-zer, balloo, the Wolf appears*, &c. and other things of the like strain, and that not accompany'd with Flutes or Violins, but to the Musick of a couple of Crabsticks grated against each other, or pieces of Tile put between the Fingers like Boys Snappers; and with such whoreson Voices, 'twas rather Carterwawling than Singing. The rest of the Day they spent in lousing themselves, or in patching their old Breeches. There was not a Shepherdess among them whose name was *Phillis*, or *Amaryllis*, *Diana* or *Galatea*: Nor among the Men any such Name as *Amintas*, or *Thyrsis*; no *Corydon*, *Jacinto*, or *Lisardo*. They were all *Anthony's*, *Dominick's*, *Paul's* and *Laurence's*. By this I came to understand, that these Books which gave so high an Idea of Shepherds and Shepherdesses, were nothing but agreeable Tales, and Lies well writ, for the Entertainment of the Idle, and not a word of Truth in 'em; for otherwise I should have found among my Shepherds some Remains, some Footsteps of that most happy Life, and of those pleasant Meadows enamel'd with a thousand and a thousand sorts of Flowers, with which they wove Love-Garlands for their Mistresses; those sacred Forests, those Mountains of Pines and Oaks, upon whose Bark grew the Names of the Nymphs they had taken care to inscribe; those enchanted Gardens, those Crystal Fountains, those Rivulets whose gentle Murmur mixt it self with the agreeable Voices of the Feather'd Choristers; those no less honourable, than well declar'd Passions, which might have softned the Trees and ev'n Rocks themselves, to whom they told the Cruelty of their Fair One, or some Tragical Adventure.

Here

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 31

Here a Shepherd Swooning away, there a Shepherdels reclining on the verdant Turf, and fearful to declare her Tendernefs,

*Breathes forth her Soul in Soft-consuming Sighs,  
And wastes the Pearly Treasure of her Eyes ;  
While busy Echo fills the Ambient Air,  
With the repeated Praises of the Fair.*

*Scip.* Enough, *Berganza*, look at thy Feet, and thou wilt not spread thy Tail so, like a Peacock. I mean, remember what thou art ; nothing but an Animal void of Reason ; thou oughtest not to affect to shine as thou dost.

*Berg.* I know very well what I am, Brother *Scipio*, and perhaps I am a great deal more than I think for, and thereby hangs a Tale--- which I ought indeed to have told you at first ; 'tis the History of a certain Sorceress, who study'd Witchcraft under the famous *Camacha de Montilla*.

*Scip.* Prithee let me hear it, before you go any further.

*Berg.* That I shall not do, till it's proper time ; have Patience, and hear Things in Order, they will give you the more Pleasure, unless you would chuse to know the Middle before the Beginning.

*Scip.* Be brief then, and go on as you please.

*Berg.* I was very well satisfi'd with my Office of Sheep-keeping, because it look'd like getting one's Bread with the Sweat of one's Brow, and that Idleness, the Root and Mother of all Evil, had no Hank upon me ; for if I slept sometime in the Day, by Night I took no Rest ; the Wolves continually giving us Alarms, and the Shepherds could no sooner say *Halloo Barzino*, but I was presently be-

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fore the rest of the Dogs, scouring the Mountains, leaping o'er the Bogs, traversing the Roads, and the next Day return'd to the Flock, without meeting with any Wolf, or the least Track of a Wolf; but so Weary, Harra's'd, and out of Breath, my Feet split with Stones and Thorns, and my Body torn in a thousand Places, that I was fit to lye down and die; and yet at my return I always found some Lamb kill'd or Sheep strangl'd, and half devour'd by the Wolf. It vext me to the Heart, to see of how little use my Care and Vigilance prov'd; the Master came, the Shepherds went out to receive him with the Skins of the dead Creatures; He chid them for their want of Diligence, and commanded them to chastise the Dogs for their Laziness. Thus Showers of Bastinados rain'd upon us, and Reprimands upon them. One Day, seeing my self punish'd without Cause, and considering that my Care, Courage and Activity, serv'd me in no stead, and in a Word, that my Endeavours were all usefess; I thought it high time to change my Battery, and resolv'd not to go so far in search of the Wolf, as I us'd to do, but to stay nearer Home, in the Avenues of the Fold; for since 'twas certain he came thither, I should be more sure of meeting with him. Every Week we had this Alarm, and the third Night, tho' 'twas a very dark one, yet 'twas light enough for me to see the Wolves, against which it was indeed impossible to guard the Sheep. I hid my self behind a Bush, whilst the rest of the Dogs were scampering a great way off; I 'Spy'd two Shepherds, who having taken one of the fattest and largest of the whole Fold, cut the Throat on't, and mangled it in such a manner, that it really appear'd the next Morning, as if the Wolf had been its Executioner. I was struck with Astonishment when I saw that the Shepherds were the Wolves, and that those

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those who ought to guard the Fold, were they that prey'd upon it. When Day appear'd, they represented to their Master the Destruction the Wolf had made, gave him the Skin and part of the Flesh, reserving to themselves the best and largest Share. The Master was again angry, and again the Dogs were chastis'd: Wolf there was none, yet the Flock decreas'd. I wou'd have discover'd it, but found my self Mute; all which fill'd me with Grief and Horror at the same time. Good God! said I to my self, Who can remedy this Mischief? Who has Eloquence enough to perswade that the Defenders are Offenders? Centinels, Enemies, Trustees, Robbers, and those that ought to be Guardians, Murderers?

*Scip.* Thy Reflection is good, *Berganza*, for there is not a worse Thief than a Domestick; and more Men suffer by confiding in others, than by any Act of their own: But the Mischief is, 'tis impossible for People to live in the World without trusting one another; but let's break off here, that we may not look like Preachers; so pray proceed.

*Berg.* I resolv'd to quit this Office (tho' it seem'd so good a one) and to seek out for some other, where if I was not rewarded for doing well, at least I might not be punished; I return'd to *Seville*, and entered into the Service of a rich Merchant.

*Scip.* What Means did you use to get a Master? for as times go, 'tis difficult for an honest Servant to find one; and herein lies the great Difference between the Lords of the Earth and him of Heaven; for they, before they entertain a Servant, examine his Capacity, consider the Make of his Person, enquire into his Parentage, and will know even the very Cloaths he wears; whereas to enter into the Service of God, the poorest is the richest, and

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he that's humblest, of the best Family; and provided the Person be dispos'd to serve him in Purity of Heart, he is immediately put down in the Book of Wages, which are so advantageous, that they infinitely exceed all Humane Desires.

*Berg.* This is meer Preaching, Friend *Scipio*.

*Scip.* I think so too, and will therefore hold my Tongue.

*Berg.* As to what you was asking, about the Methods I took to procure a Master; Humility (you know) is the Basis and Foundation of all the other Virtues; without it there can be no such thing as Virtue; it removes Inconveniencies, conquers Difficulties, and is a means which always leads to glorious Ends; of Enemies it makes Friends, it qualifies the Rage of those that are Exasperated, moderates the Arrogance of the Insolent, is the Mother of Modesty, and the Sister of Temperance: In short, Vice can obtain no Victory over her, because by her Gentleness and Softness she blunts the Points of her Shafts. This Virtue therefore I made use of, when I was minded to enter into any Service, having first of all consider'd, if it were a House that could entertain a tall Dog. I presently laid me down at the Gate, and when (as I fancied) any Stranger came, I bark'd at him; but when the Master appeared, I bowed down my Head, and wagging my Tail, lick'd his Shooes with my Tongue; if they beat me, I not only bore it, but seem'd to love them the more, so that they never repeated it, seeing my Perseverance and noble Resolution. By this Means, in a short time, I was received into the Family: I serv'd faithfully, and was well beloved; I may say I was never turn'd away by any Master, but always left them of my own accord; though I could wish I had never quitted that Merchant's Service,

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vice, but any Adverse Fate wou'd have it otherwise.

*Scip.* In the same manner 'twas that I entered into all the Families I ever served : but not to interrupt you —

*Berg.* As for such things, wherein we have had a Conformity of Fate, we'll talk of them in their proper Place ; in the mean while hearken to what befel me after I left the Sheep in the Power of those Sons of Perdition. I returned, as I told you, to *Seville*, I lay'd me down at the Merchant's Gate, performed my usual Affiduities, and in two Days was introduced. They ryed me up all the Day, and let me loose at Night ; I served with great Care and Diligence ; I barked at Strangers, snarled at those that were not well known : All Night long I slept not a Wink, visiting the Court-yard, mounting the Terrace, being the universal Guard of the whole Family. My Master was so pleas'd with my Service, he Commanded I should be well us'd, and have a reasonable Allowance of Bread, with the Bones that were carry'd from Table, and the Superfluities of the Kitchen ; for all which I shew'd my self Grateful, by leaping incessantly when I saw him, especially at his return from Abroad, with so many Demonstrations of Joy, that he order'd me to be untyed, and to have the same Liberty by Day as I had by Night : I was no sooner enlarg'd, but ran to him, and wheel'd round him a hundred times, but did not dare to touch him with my Paws, bearing in mind the Fable of *Æsop*, where the *Als* was so much an *Als* as to pretend to fawn upon his Master in the same manner with the little Lap-Dog, which procur'd him a good Drubbing. Methinks this Fable teaches us, that what's tolerable in some, is abominable in others. Let the Buffoon break his  
Jests,

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Jests, the Juggler play his Tricks, the Tumbler vault o'er the Table, the Jack-pudding Bray like an Ass, the Comedian Mimick the Actions of others; But let not a Man of Quality so far forget himself, as to Affect any of these Abilities, which cannot gain him any Credit, or add the least Reputation to his Name.

*Scip.* Enough, *Berganza*, I understand you; return to your Story.

*Berg.* I could wish those for whom I speak it did the same; perhaps they would Correct themselves; for I am naturally endued with I know not what good Disposition, that it grieves me infinitely to see a Knight Act a Mountebank, and value himself for knowing how to play with Cups and Balls, and to boast that no Man knows how to Dance the Chacon better than himself. I know one of this Quality who brag'd, that, at the desire of a Sexton, he had cut out two and thirty Flowers in Paper to be applyed on black Cloth, and hung upon a \* Sepulchre on *Maunday-Thursdai*; and was so well fastidy'd with his performance, that he carry'd his Friends to see it, as if he had shew'd them the Spoils and Trophies of his Enemies, placed upon the Tomb of his Ancestors. But to return to our Merchant; He had two Sons, one about Twelve Years Old, and the other about Fourteen; they both went to School to the *Jesuits*; they used to be attended by their Governor and three or four Pages, who carried their Books after 'em. To see 'em proceed with so much Pomp and Grandeur, on Horseback if it were fair,

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\* El Monumento. *A Tomb particularly us'd for the Sepulchre, set up in Churches on Maunday-Thursdai, in Memory of our Saviour's Sepulchre.*

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or if it rain'd, in a Coach, made me often reflect upon the great Plainness and Simplicity with which their Father went to the Exchange. He never had with him any more than one Negro, or sometimes perhaps was so Prodigal as to use a little He-Mule, and that not extremely well accounted neither.

*Scip.* Why, you must know, *Berganza*, it is the Custom and Humor of the Merchants of *Seville*, and of other great Cities, to display their Riches and Authority, not in their own Persons, but in those of their Children; because Merchants are greater in their Shadow than in themselves. Such as they be they are willing to continue, tho' they are never so rich, that they may gather more Riches; and it would be absurd in the Exercise of their Business to pique themselves upon Trains and Retinue, and to go to Change with the Equipages of great Lords. But then, as *Ambition* and *Riches* dye to shew themselves, it is by their Children they give vent to Both; for this Reason they breed them like the Sons of Princes, and some there are, who purchase Titles for them, and plant upon their Breast the Badge which so much Distinguishes the Nobility from the Plebeians.

*Berg.* It is *Ambition*, but a generous, *Ambition*, to aim at raising one's Fortune, without prejudicing others.

*Scip.* Seldom or never does *Ambition* gain its End, without the Damage of some Body.

*Berg.* We have already said, We ought not to be Censorious.

*Scip.* I don't know, that I have censur'd any Body.

*Berg.* This confirms what I have often heard: A slanderous Backbiter shall ruin ten Families, and  
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calumniate twenty good Men; and if any Body reprehends him, his Answer is, He has said nothing, or if he did, it was not so much, or that he did not mean it for harm, or if he thought any Body could have taken Offence, he would not have said what he did. Faith, Friend *Scipio*, He ought to know a great deal, and to tread much upon his Stirrups, who will support a Conversation of two Hours, without touching the Skirts of Detraction; for I find in my self (as much a Beast as I am) that in every four Sentences I speak, some malicious biting sort of Words crowd into my Mouth, as Flies to a Honey pot; for which Reason I cannot help repeating what I said before, that Evil-doing and Evil-speaking we inherit from our first Parents, and suck in with our Mother's Milk. This is plainly seen in an Infant, who is scarce freed from his swadling Bands, but lifts up his Hand, if any Body offends him, as if he would revenge himself; and the first Articulate Word he pronounces is *Whore* to his Nurse, or perhaps his Mother.

*Scip.* It is true, I own my Fault, and beg you would Pardon it, as I have several of yours: Let us have done with Detraction, and proceed on your Story. You left off at the Magnificence with which your Master's Sons went to School.

*Berg.* Though I take it to be a very difficult Task to forbear Railing, I think to make use of a Remedy, which I have heard a certain great Swearer was wont to practise, who, repenting of his evil Custom, every time that he swore, gave himself a pinch on his Arm, or kist the Ground by way of Penance, (but for all this he Swore on). Thus every time I go against the Precept thou hast given me, and the Resolution I have taken, I will bite the Tip of my Tongue, so that it shall put me in Mind of

of my Fault, that I may repeat the same no more.

*Scip.* This is such a Remedy, that if thou usest it, as thou sayest thou wilt, I shall expect in a little time thou wilt have no Tongue at all to rail with.

*Berg.* At least I will do my best, and Heaven will assist my Weakness. One Day when my Master's Sons were gone to School, I perceiv'd in the Court-Yard, where I happen'd to be, one of their Books, which by Negligence had been drop'd. I having been taught (you know) to Carry, took up the Book, and went after them, with an Intention not to quit it till I got to the School; it happen'd, according to my Desire, that my young Masters seeing me coming with the Book in my Mouth, which I held gently by the Ribons, commanded a Page to take it from me, but I did not suffer him, nor any Body else, to touch it, 'till I was got into the School, which caus'd great Laughter among all the Scholars. I came to the eldest of my Masters, and very decently deliver'd it into his Hands; after which I sat me down at the School Door, looking earnestly on the Præceptor, who was reading from his Chair to his Scholars. Surely Virtue has something in it unaccountably Charming, that, so little capable of it as I was, I shou'd immediately receive a Pleasure, in seeing the Love, Sollicitude and Industry, with which these Holy Fathers and Masters teach their happy Children and Pupils; directing the tender Twigs of their Youth, that they may not warp, or take a wrong Bent in the Road of *Virtue*, which together with *Literature* they equally inculcate. I took notice how they reprov'd with Sweetness, chastis'd with Mercy, encourag'd with Examples, excited with Rewards, and supported with

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Prudence: And in a Word, how they painted to 'em the Horror and Deformity of Vice, and the Beautifulnes of Virtue; to the intent that being in Love with the one, and Loathing the other, they might answer the noble Ends for which they were Created.

\* *Scip.* Thou say'st well, *Berganza*, for I have heard say of these blessed People, that, for the Government of the World, there are in it none so capable; and for Guides and Conductors in the Way to Heaven, few can march 'em: They are the Mirrors wherein are seen Perfect Honesty, Catholick Learning, Consummate Prudence, and Profound Humility, which is the Basis that supports the whole Edifice of Beatitude.

*Berg.* 'Tis very true; but to return to my Story. My two Masters took a great deal of Pleasure in letting me carry their Books after 'em, which I did with a very good Will. By this Means I led the Life of a King and better, because twas quiet: the rest of the Scholars began to Play with me, and I familiariz'd my self in such a manner they put their Hands in my Mouth, and the little Ones got upon my Back; they threw their Caps and their Hats, which I fetch'd neat and clean to their Hands, with Tokens of great Joy; they made me leap, stand on my hind Feet, and a thousand other apish Tricks: They gave me to eat of every thing they had, and were pleas'd to see, when they gave me any Nuts, how I open'd 'em like a Monkey, leaving the Shells and eating the Kernel; There was one, who to make Proof of my Ability, gave me a good Quantity of Sallet in a Handkerchief, which I eat as if I had been a humane Creature; 'twas Winter time, when they sell at *Seville* Manchets and little Prints of Butter; with these I was so well

\* *Risum teneatis?*

serv'd;

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serv'd, that they sometimes pawn'd or sold their Books, to furnish my Breakfast : In short, I led a School-boy's Life, without *Hunger* or *Itch*, which is the best thing that can be said in praise of it; if it were not for these two Concomitants, there wou'd be no such Happiness in the World, as the Life they lead; for *Pleasure* goes Cheek by Jowl with *Virtue*, and their Youth is equally spent in *Learning* and *Rejoycing*. Of this Happiness I was depriv'd by a certain Lady I think they call *Reason of State*, who Precedes and Silences all other Reasons. It happen'd the *Preceptors* were of Opinion, that the time their Scholars ought to have employ'd on their Books, was spent in playing the Fool with me; so they forbade my young Master to bring me any more thither. In Obedience to them I was carried home to my antient Post, where their Father forgetting his former Favour of suffering me to be Free Day and Night, confin'd my Neck to the Collar, and my Body to a little nasty Matt, that lay behind the Door. Ah *Scipio*, 'tis a hard thing to pass from a Happy State to a Miserable! I never was more mortify'd than at that time. It is nothing to be wretched, when one has been so all one's Life. They who are born Poor or Slaves, suffer their Poverty without Complaining, bear their Chains without Murmuring: They never knew what Riches or Liberty were; Every thing may be made Familiar by Habitude; Custom is a second Nature; hence it is that so many Beggars and Negroes are Fat and Easie: But when ill Fortune, of a sudden and unexpectedly, comes upon the Neck of Prosperity, it is then the most insupportable; and and if it leaves us Life, 'tis only to afflict us the more. 'Twas thro' a like Tryal I was oblig'd to pass, I return'd to my former Condition. Instead of those De-

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Delicacies with which I was fed, I was forc'd to be content with some Bones an old Blackmore Woman was pleas'd to throw me, and even those were garbl'd by a couple of *Roman* Cats, who being nimble, and not ty'd as I was, robb'd me of every thing that fell beyond the length of my Chain. Prithee, Brother *Scipio*, be not uneasie, but let me Philosophize a little upon this Subject; for if I should omit to mention the things which at that time besel me, and which are now fresh in my Memory, I should fancy my History imperfect, and of no use.

*Scip.* Take heed, *Berganza*, that this desire of playing the Philosopher, be not a Temptation of the Evil Spirit; for Calumny has no better Cloak to cover its Malice, than to perswade People that Railing is Philosophizing, Reviling, just Reprehension, and the ripping up of others Faults, true Zeal; and yet there is not a Precisian of 'em all, whose Life, if you were to look into'r, is not full of Vice and Insolence; take this along with you, and Philosophize as much as you please.

*Berg.* You may be sure, *Scipio*, I shall not be mealy-mouth'd, because I propose to be otherwise; the Case then is this; having nothing to do all the Day long, and Idleness being the Parent of Thoughts, I revolv'd in my Mind some Latin Sentences I had heard, (when I accompany'd my Master's Sons to the School.) With this I fancy'd my Understanding somewhat meliorated, and when I ruminated thereupon by my self, it seem'd some sort of Consolation to me in my Disgrace; and, as if I could speak, I determin'd to make use of it upon Occasions that offer'd, but in a different manner from certain Pedantick Puppies, who are every Moment yapping out Latin, that they may be taken  
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for great Clerks, though they scarce know how to Decline a Noun, or Conjugate a Verb.

*Scip.* I don't think this altogether so bad as what some others do, who in truth understand the Latin Tongue perfectly well, and yet use it so *prophanely*, as one may say, that though they are talking to their Shooemaker or Taylor, they scatter it about as if 'twere so much Water.

*Berg.* From whence we may infer, that He is as much to blame who talks Latin before those that are Ignorant of it, as he who being Ignorant of it, pretends to talk it at all.

*Scip.* They are equally Ridiculous without doubt. But then there's another thing you are to take notice of, which is, that there are some who are ne'ertheless Asses for being great Latinists.

*Berg.* Who doubts it? It is not the Latin Tongue makes People Ingenious; for then we must allow all the ancient Romans would have been so, since Latin was their Mother Tongue; yet there were Blockheads among them, you may be sure, whose Latin could not hinder them from being such.

*Scip.* To know how to be Silent in one's own Tongue, and upon a proper Occasion to Speak in Latin; That's true Discretion, Brother *Berganza*.

*Berg.* It is so; for a Man may as well be guilty of a Blockheadism in Latin as in Spanish; and I have seen thick Skull'd Virtuosos, Impertinent Grammarians, and Latinists good for nothing but to talk their Hearers a-Sleep.

*Scip.* Leave this, and let us hear your Philosophy.

*Berg.* You have heard it,

*Scip.* Wherein?

*Berg.* In

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*Berg.* In having a Fling at the Pedants, who, of all two-legged Animals, are the most troublesome and despicable.

*Scip.* Do you call Scandal, Philosophy? Well *Berganza*, you may Canonize it as much as you please, and give it what fine Name you will; if we continue in this Strain, we shall be true Cynicks, which is a Name that will fit us in all Senses. But prithee be silent, and pursue thy Story.

*Berg.* How can I pursue it, if I am Silent?

*Scip.* I mean, that thou follow it, without amusing thy self with these useless Digressions.

*Berg.* You shall be obey'd. I tell thee then that Fortune not contented with having spoilt my Studies, and depriv'd me of so joyous a Life, to tie me behind a Door, and turn the Liberality of School-Boys into the Niggardliness of a She-Moor, contrived to torment me in those very Instances which I esteem'd my only Happiness. Remember, *Scipio*, and be assur'd, Ill Fortune hunts the Unlucky, and finds them out, though they hide themselves in the remotest Corners of the Earth. You must know, this *Negra*, *Forsooth*, was in Love with a Black-more Slave in the Family, who lay in a little Room between the Street Door, and that behind which I was ty'd; and because they cou'dn't come together in the Day-time, they had stol'n and counterfeited the Keys, in order to meet by Night. The Woman came down every Night, and stopping my Mouth with a piece of Meat, she went to the Negro, with whom she solac'd herself, by means of my Silence, which cost her not a little. I suffer'd these Gifts for some time to stretch my Conscience, fancying that without them my Guts wou'd have shrunk to Fiddle-Strings, and from a Mastiff, I had become a Greyhound; but at length my innate Virtue getting the

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the better of my Appetite, I was resolv'd to do my Duty to my Master, since I receiv'd his Wages and ate his Bread, as not only all Dogs who have Honor and Gratitude ought to do, but likewise all other Servants whatsoever.

*Scip.* Why, this I will allow to be Philosophy, because 'tis a Truth that consists with Reason and good Sense.

*Berg.* I'm glad of it; but first I desire you would tell me (if you know) what the Word *Philosophy* means, for tho' I make use of it, I know not what it is, only I fancy 'tis something very good.

*Scip.* To be brief then, 'tis a Word compounded of two Greek ones, *Philos* and *Sophia*, The one signifies *Love*, and the other *Wisdom*: thus *Philosophy* signifies the Love of Wisdom, and *Philosopher* a Lover of Wisdom.

*Berg.* You're mighty Learned, *Scipio*, who the Devil taught thee Greek?

*Scip.* How simple thou art, *Berganza*, to believe me learned, because I know the signification of two Greek Words; there is not the least School-boy ignorant of them; they are taught it in the lowest Forms: Hence it is that there are so many Ignoramus's who fancy themselves great Grecians, because they know the Etymology of some Greek Terms used in Schools.

*Berg.* I believe as much. I would have such People put into a Press, and the Juice of their Knowledge squeez'd well out, that they may not go about thus deceiving the World with their Greek Tinsel, and Scraps of false Latin, as the Portuguese cheat the Negroes of Guinea.

*Scip.* Now, *Berganza*, you must bite your Tongue, and I must pinch my self, since we're both grown scandalous.

*Berg.*

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*Berg.* I shall not do't for all that. I remember for this purpose, what an ancient Legislator did. He had made a Law, that no Body shou'd enter Arm'd into any Assembly of the City upon Pain of Death; however one Day he himself unwittingly went into the Senate House with his Sword at his Side; and being put in mind of the Penalty, instantly drew it and stabb'd himself, saying, *My self being the first that broke the Law I had made, it is just I pay the Forfeiture I ordain'd.* What I did was not making a Law, but a bare Promise, to bite my Tongue when I grew Scandalous; but things do not go Now according to the Rigor of Times past; to Day a Law is made, and to Morrow broken; and perhaps it is necessary it should be so. A Penitent promises this Moment to mend his Life, and the next falls into greater Vices. 'Tis one thing to commend Discipline, and another to practise it. Doing and Saying you know are two Things. Let who will bite his Tongue, for me, I shan't bite mine, nor pretend to Preciseness behind a poultry Matt, where there's no Body to praise, or see my Virtue.

*Scip.* According to this Rule, *Berganza*, if thou wert a Man, thou'dst be a great Hypocrite; since thou wou'dst do no Action worthy of Praise, but only for the sake of Praise.

*Berg.* What I shou'd do then, I know not; but I know very well I shall spare my Tongue at present, because I have great occasion for it, having abundance of things yet to tell you.

*Scip.* Proceed then.

*Berg.* I shall. Being weary of the dishonest and villanous Commerce of these two Blacks, and of the Wrong they did our common Master; I resolv'd, like a good Servant, to put an end to it,  
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by the best Means I could. The Negra came down every Night, as you have heard, to refresh her self with the Fellow. This she did, trusting that the Bribes she had given me would keep me Mute; for you know, *Scipio*, *Presents can do much*.

*Scip.* Ay, very much; prithee go on.

*Berg.* I remember when I was a Student, I heard the Præceptor use a Latin Proverb, which they call an Adage, *Habet Bovem in lingua*.

*Scip.* Pox take you and your Latin roo, hast thou so soon forgot what was so lately said of those who mix it with their Discourse?

*Berg.* But it fits this Place, as if 'twere cast in a Mold. You must know the *Athenians* us'd a sort of Coin (among others) stamp'd with the Figure of an Ox, and when any Judge, through Corruption, fail'd to do his Duty, they were wont to say, *He had an Ox in his Tongue*.

*Scip.* With what Design dost thou bring in this Proverb?

*Berg.* It is to let thee know, that Presents are capable of corrupting the very best of Us; for if what the Negra gave me to eat (above the ordinary allowance) had such an Effect on me as to keep me from Barking, when she descended to her *Amoretto*, Have not I Reason to say, *Presents can do much*?

*Scip.* I have answer'd thee, that they can do much, and were it not for fear of making too long a Digression, I would prove by a thousand Examples, how much they can do; but this I shall reserve, till I have an Opportunity to recount the History of my Life.

*Berg.* God grant thy Desires, and now hear how my good Intentions got the better of the wicked Gifts of the Negra, who descending one very dark Night

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Night to her usual Pastime, I seiz'd her, without Barking, lest I should alarm the Family; and not only tore all her Smock, but pull'd out a piece of her Thigh, a Jest which made her keep her Bed in Earnest for above Eight Days after, pretending I know not what Indisposition. The Tenth Day she was well, and return'd the next Night to the same Sport; I likewise renew'd the Attack with Mrs. *Bitchinton*, and tho' I did not bite her, scratch'd all her Body as if she had been carded. Our Battles were without beat of Drum; I always came off Conqueror; And the Negra very ill used, and worse satisfy'd. But her Resentments appear'd too plainly upon my Hide, and in my Health; for she depriv'd me of my Allowance of Bones, so that my own, by little and little, discover'd the Joints of my Back. For all this, tho' they debarr'd me from Eating, they could not from Barking. But the Negra, to make an end of me once for all, brought me a Sponge fricaseed in Butter. I perceiv'd the Treachery, and knew that it was worse than eating crooked Pins; for whoever swallows such a Morfel, it sticks so in the Stomach, that, like Matrimony, it never leaves them till Death.

Finding it impossible to guard against the Snares of such Enemies (for an inrag'd Woman is the Devil) I resolv'd to take the first Opportunity of Decamping. One Day I found my self unty'd, and without bidding any Body adieu, walk'd off. In less than a Hundred Paces Fortune threw me upon the † *Alguazil*, who (I told you at the begin-

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† *Alguazil* is an Officer in Spain that apprehends Criminals, and attends the Execution of Justice.

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 49

ning of my History) was an intimate Friend of my Master *Nicolas Flatnose*. He no sooner saw but knew me, and call'd me by my Name; I knew him too; and went directly to him with my accustomed Ceremonies and Caressees. He took me by the Neck, and told his two Followers that I was a famous *Dog of Assistance* belonging to a Friend of his, and that he wou'd carry me Home. They rejoic'd at it, and said, if I were such a Dog I might be useful to them all. They would have laid hold on me, to have led me, but the *Alguazil* told 'em there was no occasion, for that he knew I would follow him. I had forgot to tell thee, that the Collar with Steel Points (which I carry'd off when I ran away from the Shepherds) was taken from me by a *Gypsie* in a Tavern; so that I went without any in *Seville*; but the *Alguazil* put me on another, studded all over with *Morisco Latton*. Now, *Scipio*, Reflect upon the strange Rotation of my Fortune; Yesterday a *Student*, and to Day, a *Bailiff's Follower*!

*Scip.* So goes the World; but you've no Reason in this Case to exclaim against the various Turns of Fortune; as if there were any great Difference between a *Butcher's* and a *Bailiff's* Servant. I cannot endure, with any Patience, the Complaints of some People, whose greatest Ambition was to arrive at a Gentleman Usher's Place, and yet are always cursing their Fortune; to the end that those who hear 'em, may think they are fal'n from some great Heighth, to the miserable Condition they appear in.

D

Berg.

50 *The Deceitful Marriage, &c.*

*Berg.* Thou hast Reason ; This *Alguazil*, you must know, held an intimate Friendship with a \* *Scrivener* who was always with him. Each of them kept a small Whore, tolerably handsome, but unconscionably impudent, and cunning as the Devil. These two Wenches serv'd for the Net and Baits to Fish with upon dry Land, in the following manner : They dress'd themselves so, that by their Spots you might discover what Cards they were, and within Gun-shot guess 'em to be Ladies of a *Free-Life*. They were continually hunting after Strangers, nor was there a *Briton* in all *Seville*, but they certainly found him out ; and when a fat One fell into their Hands, they gave notice to the *Alguazil* and *Scrivener*, to what Tavern they went. After they were Hous'd, the Assault was given, and being found together, were taken up for Debauchees. But they were never carry'd to Prison, because Foreigners always redeem themselves with their Money. It happen'd, one Day, *Colindres* (the Catchpole's Mistress) had caught a *Britis*h Gudgeon, of which she instantly advertis'd her Friend, and every thing being concerted beforehand, they had scarce undress'd, when the *Alguazil*, the *Scrivener*, two Followers, and I, (quoth the Dog,) came in upon 'em. The Lover was strangely troubl'd, and the Lady Affected to seem so. The *Alguazil* exaggerating the Crime, commanded 'em to put on their Cloaths immediately, unless they would go naked to Prison. The *Briton* took on mightily, and the *Scrivener* pretending Compassion, began to intercede for him ; and after much Intrea-

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\* *Escrivano*, is a sort of Clerk, almost inseperable from the *Alguazil*.

ry, reduc'd the Penalty to only a Hundred Reals. The *Briton* ask'd for his Breeches which he had, laid upon a Chair at the Beds-feet. The Breeches neither Did nor Could appear; for as I enter'd into the Chamber, a Savoury smell of Bacon accosting my Nostrils, comforted my very Heart. Following the Scent, I found in one of the Pockets a good slice of Gammon, which that I might the more conveniently Enjoy, I carry'd the Breeches out into the Streer, where I manag'd the Bacon to my own mind. When I return'd into the Chamber, I heard the † *Briton* crying out in his Jargon for his Breeches, wherein were Fifty Crowns of good Gold. The *Scrivener* imagin'd either *Colindres*, or the *Alguazil's* Followers had stol'n 'em. The *Alguazil* thought the same. They call'd 'em all three aside; but not one of 'em knew ought of the matter, and all gave themselves to the Devil upon't. I seeing this Hurly Burly, return'd to the Street where I had left the Breeches, and would have brought 'em back, for the Money was of no use to me; but I could not find them; some Body passing by, had the good Fortune to light on 'em, and carry'd them off. The *Alguazil* seeing the *Briton* had no Hush-Money, grew bloody mad, and resolv'd to get from the Landlady what he could not from the Guest. He bawl'd out for the Woman of the House; she came half drest, and hearing the loud Complaints of the *Briton*, and seeing *Colindres* Naked and in Tears, the *Alguazil* in a Rage, the *Scrivener* Scolding, and the Followers packing up all they could find in the

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† Whether Cervantes means a Native of this Island, or of Britany in France, is uncertain.

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Chamber, was not extremely well pleas'd, you may be sure. The Alguazil bad her Dress her self and follow him to Prison, for keeping an ill House. Now the Confusion increas'd, and the Noise grew louder. Signior Alguazil, and Signior Escrivano, (says mine Hostess to 'em) Don't think to put your Tricks upon me, for I understand Trap; your Gibberish must pass here; so begone about your Business, you had best; if not, by this Crucifix, I'll throw the House out at Windows. I'll publish at Market Cross the whole Secret of this History. I know Mrs. Colindres well enough, and that you Signior Alguazil are her Counterpane. Don't provoke me to say more, but return the Gentleman his Money, and let things remain as they were; for I am a Woman of Honour and have a Husband (blessed be prais'd) who has his Letters Patents of Nobility, with a Perpenan rei de Memore, and leaden Seals hanging to it. I live creditably, and follow my Trade without Prejudice to any Body. I have my Scroll of Affize nail'd up, that all may see it, with the Price of every thing upon it; therefore, I say again, Don't provoke me; for by the Lord I know how to shake off this Dust. I keep an ill House and be hang'd to ye? My Guests have the Keys of their own Chambers, and I am no Lynxy to see thro' seven Walls. My Masters were astonish'd at this Harangue of the Hostess, and to hear how she read to 'em the History of their Lives. But they, finding there was no Money to be had from any Body but her, stood to their Text, and resolv'd to carry her to Prison; she cry'd out like a Mad Woman against the Wrong and Injustice she suffer'd, her Husband being absent, and so qualify'd a Gentleman as he was: The Briton roar'd on for the loss of his Breeches, and the Fift, Crowns; the Followers saw ore, that if the Money was not found, they

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 53

they would fire the House; the *Scrivener* commanded them to search *Colindres* Cloaths, suspecting she might have the Money, according to her usual Practice of visiting her Customers Pockets: She set up her Throat, that the *Briton* was a Drunkard, and that he might Lye in the Account of his Money. In short, every thing was Confusion, Out-cry, Clamour and Oaths: I fell to Barking, that I might not be the only One of the Company that was Silent. Upon the Instant there enter'd into the Chamber a Deputy-Justice, who going his Rounds in that Quarter, was led by the Noise into the midst of 'em. Demanding the Cause of this Disturbance, the Hostels gave it him by Retale. She told who the Nymph *Colindres* was, and discover'd her Commerce with the *Alguazil*, as likewise his Tricks and ways of Cheating; she deny'd she ever admitted any suspicious Woman into her House, canoniz'd her self for a Saint, and her Husband for a Man of Quality, and commands her Servant immediately to run to her Trunk and fetch his Letters Patents for the Justice to see 'em, telling him he might know by them, that the Wife of so honourable a Husband could not do an ill thing, and that if she follow'd the Trade of Entertaining Guests, it was because she could do nothing else; God knew how much it went against her, and how much she desired a good yearly Estate, that she might live otherwise. The Justice, tired with her Babbling, and presuming so much upon her Nobility: Good Woman (said he) I am willing to believe your Husband is a Gentleman, provided you own he is a Gentleman Inn-keeper ----- and with a great deal of Honour (replies the Hostels) all Professions are honourable, when they are honourably Exercis'd; What Family is there in the

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World,

54 *The Deceitful Marriage, &c.*

• World, but some Objection may be made to it? What I would have you do (return'd he) is to Dress your self, for to Prison you must and shall go. At this News the poor Woman sunk down on the Ground, tore her Face, and redoubled her Crys. Notwithstanding this, the Justice, who was a very severe Man, carry'd them all to Prison, that is to say, the *Briton*, *Colindres*, and the *Hofless*. I have been since inform'd, that the *Briton* lost his Fifty Crowns, besides ten more he was Fin'd in; the *Hofless* as much; but *Colindres*, having Friends at Court, was set at Liberty without one Farthing Cost; And the very same Day, on which she was discharg'd, she caught a Mariner who made full amends for the *Briton*. Thus thou may'st see, Friend *Scipio*, how many and how great Inconveniencies arose from my Gluttony.

*Scip.* Rather from the Knavery of your Master.

*Berg.* But listen awhile; for he was guilty of a great deal more; though it goes against me to speak ill of *Alguazils* and *Scrio'ners*.

*Scip.* True; but to Condemn some, is not to Condemn all; for there are a great many very honest fair-dealing *Scrio'ners*, faithful, friendly, and ready to do a kind thing without Damage to any Body. All of 'em do not spin out a Suit, or betray their Clients, or take more than their Just Fees. Nor do all of 'em pry into the Lives and Conversations of their Neighbours, in order to bring 'em to Trouble; nor do they all Confederate with the Judge, that is to say, *Stroak my Beard, and I'll Stroak thy Foretop*. Nor do all the *Alguazils* Correspond with Vagabonds and Sharpers; nor keep Whores, as thy Master did, to cheat Folks: There are many, a great many of them, Gentlemen by Birth, and of

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 55

a Generous Disposition ; not insolent, nor rash, nor vile, nor mean Spirited, as those who go up and down into Public Houses, measuring the Swords of Foreigners, which if they find a hairs breadth beyond the \* Mark, they ruin the Owners of them. They do not all let go as easily as lay hold ; nor are they all *Judges* and *Advocates* too, to serve a turn.

*Berg.* My Master aim'd at much higher Things, and took another Course. He set up for a considerable Person, and went upon grand Undertakings ; supporting his Valour without Peril of his Person, though at the Charge of his Purse. One Day he engag'd six famous *Banditti* singly himself in the Gate of *Xeres* without any manner of Assistance from me, for my Chops were bound in a Muzzle which he put on a-Days, and took off only at Night. I was amaz'd to see his Daringness, his Mettle, and his Gallantry ; for he pass'd through the Six Swords of his Enemies, as easily as if they had been Willow Twigs. 'Tis as wonderful to see with what Activity he attack'd 'em, the Passes he made, the Judgment he parry'd with, the Quickness of his Eye that they might not take him behind. To conclude, to my thinking, as well as in the opinion of all who saw him, he pass'd for a second *Rodamonte*. Having driven his Enemies from the Gate of *Xeres* to the marble Pillars of *Rodrigo's* College, (above a hundred Paces,) he left them, and return'd to gather the Trophies of his Victory, which were three Scabbards, and immediately carry'd 'em to the Governor, who if I re-

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\* *Swords in Spain, are Measured and Mark'd by Authority.*

56     *The Deceitful Marriage, &c.*

member right, was Doctor Sarmiento de Valladares, People gaz'd at my Master as he pass'd along the Streets, pointing at him with their Fingers, as who should say, *Behold the Valiant Man, who singly durst Encounter the Flower of all the Andalusian Bullies.* The rest of the Day he spent in walking about the City to shew himself; when Night came, we were got into the Street joining to the Poudrer Mill. My Master, after he had look'd well about him, to see if any Body observ'd him, pops into a House, and I after him. There, in a Court-yard, we found the Six Gyants of the Battle, without Cloaks and Swords, and unbutton'd down to the Waste. One among them, who might be the Host, held a great Bottle of Wine in one hand, and in the other a large Goblet, which he fill'd to the Brim, and generously drank to the whole Company. They no sooner perceiv'd my Master, but all ran to him with open Arms. Complements being pass'd, they drank to him; he pledg'd them round, and would have done as much to as many more; being naturally of a courteous Temper, and not of a Humour to disoblige any Body for small Matters; no, he was no proud Man, for he would Eat and Drink and Lye with any Body. Now if I were to recount to thee all that happen'd, the Supper they had, the Battles they describ'd, the Robberies they related, the Ladies they boasted of, the Praises they gave one another, the absent Bravoes whose Healths they drank, their Feats of Activity and Legerdemain Tricks which they express'd as well by the Motions of their Bodies as their Words, rising up in the middle of their Supper to put in Practise the Whims that came into their Heads, fencing with their Hands, the exquisite Phrases they made use of, and finally the Shape and Figure of their  
Host

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 57

Host, whom they all respected as their Lord and Father; to repeat all this, I say, would be going into a Labyrinth, from whence it would be impossible for me to get out. At length I came to understand that the Master of the House, whom they call'd *Monipodio*, was an Harbournr of Thieves, and a Concealer of Cut-throats, and that the Quarrel I just now mentioned, had been concerted before-hand, with all the Circumstances of retreating and leaving their Scabbards behind, which my Master paid them for, down upon the Nail; as likewise the Charges of the Supper, which lasted till almost break of Day. When my Master departed, never was such Embracing seen; And to make him amends for the Expence he had been at in treating them so well, they told him of a Prize to be taken in such a Place. It was a certain foreign *Bravoe* arriv'd in the City, Spick and Span new, and was likely to bear away the Bell from 'em all for Valour, or rather Villany; so they discover'd him out of Envy. My Master took him the next Night naked in his Bed, for if he had been up, I saw by his Countenance, he had not been so safely seiz'd. This Capture happening upon the Neck of the Battle, increas'd the Fame of my Master's Valour, who at the same time was more timorous than a Hare, but he supported his Reputation by Treats and Entertainments. Thus all that he got by his Office, and other (unlawful) Ways, was drein'd off by the Chanel of his feign'd Valour. I am somewhat long; but have Patience, and listen to a Story I shall tell you, without adding or diminishing one Tittle of the Truth. It happen'd in this manner, two Thieves had stol'n in *Antequera* a very fine Horse which they brought to *Seville*; and, to sell him without Danger, made use

58 *The Decentful Marriage, &c.*

of a Stratagem; which, in my Opinion, was no less Discreet than Crafty. They took Quarters at two different Inns. One of them presents a Petition to the Justice, shewing 'that *Pedro de Lasada* ow'd him 'four hundred Reals (Money lent) as appear'd by a \*Note sign'd by him, and which he annex'd to the \*Petition. The Judge order'd the Note should be first prov'd, and afterwards the Person of the Debtor Arrested; or his Goods taken in Execution. My Master and his Friend the Scrivener, were very Diligent upon this Occasion. The Thief carry'd 'em to the Inn, where the pretended Debtor lodg'd; who immediately owning the Debt, and representing that he was in no Condition to pay it presently, they seiz'd the Horse, which my Master no sooner set Eye en, but mark'd for his own (in Case he were to be Sold). Some Days afterwards, certain Formalities being past, the Horse was order'd to be Sold, and was deliver'd for five hundred Reals to a third Person, whom my Master employ'd under-hand to buy him: The Horse was worth double the Money; but as the Profit of the Seller consisted in the suddenness of the Sale, he let the first Bidder have him. Thus one Thief recover'd a Debt never due to him, another got a Discharge he had no occasion for, and my Master remain'd in Possession of a Horse, which was more fatal to him than that call'd *Sejanus* to his \*Owners. The Thieves immediately march'd off, and two Days afterwards, my Master having alter'd the Furniture, and repaired some other things about the Horse, made his Appearance in *St. Francis's Square*, as vain and as proud as a Country-clown in his Holy-day Cloaths. He had a thousand Congratulations on his good Bargain, with Assurances that the Horse was as well

\* *Dolabella, Cassius, Anthony, &c.*

worth

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 59

worth a hundred and fifty Ducats, as an Egg was worth a \* *Maravedi*. Mean time, he, Riding up and down and Exercising his Horse, represented his own Tragedy in the Theatre of the foresaid Place; for while he was in these Airs, Curvetting and Wheeling about, came up two Gentlemen of a good Appearance and very well dress'd; Bless me, (crys one of them) that's my Horse *Iron-Foot* which I was rob'd of some Days ago in *Antequera*. They who were with him (no less than four Servants) confirm'd, that it was the very Horse their Master had lost. Our Cavalier was horribly blew'd; he would have talk'd, but they out-talk'd him. The Owner of the Horse made his Proofs before the Judge, who gave Sentence in his Favour, and *Iron-Foot* was deliver'd to his old Master. The Cheat was discover'd, together with the Cunning of the Thieves, who, by the Hands of Justice it self, had sold what they had stol'n. Almost every Body rejoiced that my Master's Covetousness *had burst his Sack*, as the saying is. Nor did his Disgrace stop here; for the same Judge going out that Night with the Watch, (upon Information that there were Thieves in the Suburbs of *St. John*,) As they were crossing the Market-place, they perceiv'd a Man running as fast as he could. It was my Master. The Judge who saw and knew me, immediately raking me by the Collar, Halloo *Towzer* (says he) Halloo my Boy, a Thief a Thief! I who was quite tired out with the Villanies of my Master, and being willing to do as I was bid, seiz'd on Him without any more ado, so roughly, that I pull'd him to the Ground; and if they had

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\* *A Maravedi is worth about half a Farthing; a Real Six Pence.*

60 *The Deceitful Marriage, &c.*

not taken me off, I had sufficiently reveng'd the Wrongs of at least half a Dozen. With much Difficulty they disengag'd us. The *Alguazil's* Followers wou'd have knock'd my Brains out, but the Judge forbad them to touch me, having done nothing but what he commanded. I know not what became of this Affair; for without taking leave of any Body, I leap'd into the Fields thro' a Hole in the Wall, and before it was Day arriv'd at *Mayrena*, a Place about four Leagues from *Seville*. My good Fortune would have it, that there I found a Company of Soldiers, who I heard were going to Embarque at *Cartagena*. Among 'em were four Russians of my Master's Acquaintance; one of 'em was a Drummer, and had been his Follower, and a great Jugler, as most Drummers are. They all knew me and spoke to me, and ask'd tidings of my Master, as if I could have answer'd them. But he that shew'd me most Kindness, was the Drummer, and so I determin'd to take up with him, and to follow him from that Moment, though it were to *Italy* or *Flanders*; for, methinks, though the Proverb says, *That a Fool in his own Country, is a Fool every where else*; yet to Travel through various Kingdoms, and communicate with different People, acquires a Knowledge in many Things.

*Scip.* It is true; I remember I once heard a Master of mine, a very understanding Man, say, that the famous *Ulysses* was call'd *Wife*, only for having travell'd through many Countries, and conversed with different Nations, and therefore I commend the Design thou hadst of going wherever they carry'd thee.

*Berg.* This Drummer, you must know, to shew his Tricks with more Advantage, taught me to Dance to the beat of his Drum, and to do other Mon-

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 61

Monkey Peats, which 'twas impossible any other Dog should learn, as you will believe when I tell you. We march'd slow, for there was no Commissary at our Heels. The Captain was a Boy, though a good Gentleman and a strong Christian; his Ensign had been a Page at Court not many Months before; the Serjeant was a sly crafty Fellow; The Company was full of prating Ragamuffians, and committed Insolencies wherever they came, which redounded in Curses on him that did not deserve 'em. It is the Infelicity of a good Prince to be blam'd by his Subjects, for the Faults of his Subjects: Because some of them are a Plague to others, 'tis all imputed to the Sovereign; though 'tis no more done with his Connivance, than 'tis in his Power to prevent it. War is a real Scourge, and always carrys with it Disorder and Cruelty. To conclude, what with the Ripeness of my own Wit, and the Diligence of him I had chosen for a Master, in less than a Fortnight I knew how to Leap for the King of France, and to let it alone for the naughty Landlady. He taught me to Curvet like a Neapolitan Courser, and to wheel about like a Spanish Gennet, with other things, which, if I had not been reserv'd in shewing, I should have put People in doubt, whether I was not some Devil in the shape of a Dog. He call'd me by the Name of the *Wise Dog*: And we no sooner arriv'd at an Inn, but he went about with his Drum, to let People know, that all who were minded to see the wonderful Performances of the *Wise Dog*, should repair to such a House, or such an Hospital, at so many *Maravedis* per Head, more or less, according as the Town was, great or small. With these Invitations, there was no Body in all the Villages, but came and saw me, and all went away full

62 *The Deceitful Marriage, &c.*

full of Admiration and Satisfaction. My Master Triumph'd in his Gains, and maintain'd six of his Comrades like Kings. Avarice and Envy stirr'd up in these Russians a desire to steal me, and put 'em upon seeking an Opportunity to execute it. For, to be able to get ones Living by Playing, is a very liquorish Temptation. Hence it is, there are so many Raree-show Men in *Spain*, so many Puppet-players, so many Sellers of Pins and Ballads, whose whole Stock, were it to be sold, would not support 'em one Day, and yet are never out of public Eating-houses and Taverns all the Year round; which convinces me that the *Current* of their Debauchery proceeds from some other *Spring* than that of their Trade. All this sort of People are Vagabonds, Useless Unprofitable Wretches, Spunges of Wine, meer Corn-Worms.

*Scip.* No more, *Berganza*, let's not return to what's past; proceed, the Night wears.

*Berg.* Attend then. As it is an easy thing to add to what is invented; my Master, seeing how well I imitated a *Neapolitan* Courser, made for me some Furniture of Gilt-Leather, and a little Saddle, which he fitted to my Shoulders, and upon it placed a light Figure of a Man with a small Lance, and taught me to run directly at a Ring which he held between two Sticks, and, the Day that I was to Run, he publish'd Abroad, that 'such a Day the *Wise Dog* was to Ride at the Ring, and to perform several other new and never-before-seen Gallantries. All which I Did, that my Master might not be a Lyar. Some time after we went to *Montilla*, a Town belonging to the illustrious Marquis *de Priego*, Lord of the House of *Aguilar*. They Billeted my Master in an Hospital, because he defired it. After the usual Proclamation, and  
Fame

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 63

Fame having likewise before-hand carry'd the News of the Abilities and Addresses of the *Wife Dog*, in less than an Hour the whole Court-yard was full of People. My Master rejoic'd to see the Appearance of so good a Harvest, and shew'd himself that Day *Jugler Juglerorum*. The first thing I did was Leaping through the Hoop of a Sieve. He conjur'd me with his ordinary Signs; and, when he held down a little Wand he had in his Hand, That was a Signal for Leaping; and when he held it up, I lay down, without stirring. The first Conjunction Speech he made to me that Day (memorable above the rest of my Life) was, 'Heigh *Gavillan*, now Leap for that young *old Man* thou know'st, who pickles his Beard every Night to change the Colour on't: Or if thou likest not him, leap for the Honor of Dame *Pimpinella de Paphlagonia* the new married Marchioness, who talks of nothing but her Quality, and yet was a Chambermaid all her Life. Dost thou not like these, my Boy? Leap then for Bachelor *Pasillas*, who affirms he's a Doctor without having taken any Degree; what's the Matter, old Lazy-bones? why dost thou not stir? oh, ho, I understand ye; heigh for the Liquor of Life, the Wine of \* *Esquivias*, famous as that of *St. Martin* and *Ribadavia*. With that, down goes his Wand, and up-starts me I. When turning to the People; 'Worthy Gentlemen, (says he) Do you think it a Trifle for a Dog to do thus? I have taught him as many Tricks as there are Letters in the Chris-cross-row; the least of which one wou'd go thirty Leagues to see. He can vault the Wooden Horse; he can run at the Ring; he knows how to Dance the *Sarabrand* and *Chacon*, better than they who invented 'em.

\* Some say the Author was Born there.

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64 *The Deceitful Marriage, &c.*

‘ He drinks ye a Quart of Wine without leaving  
 ‘ a drop, without leaving a drop, Gentlemen!  
 ‘ Hee’ll Hum ye over the whole *Gamut*, as well  
 ‘ as a Parish Clerk; all these things, and as many  
 ‘ more, which I omit, your Worships shall see,  
 ‘ during the stay our Company makes here. And  
 ‘ now for another Performance of our *Sage One*!  
 With that he rais’d the Expectations of his Audi-  
 ence, whom he stil’d *noble Senators*, and kindled  
 in ’em a Desire of seeing all I was capable of shew-  
 ing. Then turning to me, *Son Gavillan* (quoth he)  
*Let us see how gently you can undoe all that you*  
*have done, and let it be for the sake of the famous*  
*old Witch, that they say is in this Hospital.* He had  
 scarce utter’d this, when the Matron of the Hospi-  
 tal, who was an old Woman of above threescore  
 and ten, lifted up her Voice, ‘ *Rogue, Rascal, Cheat,*  
 ‘ *Son of a Whore*; there’s no Witch here; if thou  
 meanest *Camacha*, she has paid the Penalty of  
 her Sins, and is God knows where. If thou  
 meanest me, thou Buffoon, I neither am, nor e-  
 ver was a Witch in all my Life; and if I have  
 ‘ been suspected for one, I may thank false Wit-  
 ‘ nesses and a credulous Judge. Every Body knows  
 ‘ the Life I lead in Deeds of Penitence, not  
 ‘ for any Witchcrafts I have been guilty of, but  
 ‘ for the many other Sins I have committed, for I  
 ‘ am a miserable Sinner I own; therefore be  
 ‘ gone thou scoundrel Drumster, be gone, I say;  
 ‘ or by this Light I’ll send thee head foremost.

With that she began to make such an Outcry,  
 and to utter so many bitter Invectives against my  
 Master, that she perfectly dum-founded him. To  
 conclude, she would not by any Means suffer us  
 to go on with our Show. My Master was not  
 much troubled at the Interruption, because he had  
 got

*The Deceitful Marriage, &c.* 65

got the Pence in his Pocket, so put the Performance off to another Day ; and appointed a Place in another Hospital, to finish what he had begun in that. The People went away cursing the old Woman, adding to the Name of Witch, that of Succubus, she-Devil, old Bearded Birch, &c. We lay that Night, however, in the Hospital ; and the old Woman meeting me alone in an Alley, call'd out to me smiling, *Art thou Montiel, my Son ? Art thou my Son, I say ?* I lifted up my Head, and look'd hard at her for some time ; which she seeing, came to me with Tears in her Eyes, and casting her Arms about my Neck, had kiss'd me, if I would have suffer'd her.

*Scip.* Thou did'st well, for 'tis no Pleasure, but a Torment, to be kiss'd by an old Woman.

*Berg.* What I am now going to relate, I ought to have mentioned at the beginning of my History ; which if I had done, we shou'd have had less Cause to have wonder'd at our present Capacity of speaking. ' Follow me, my dear *Montiel*, (*crys the old Woman*) follow me, my Child, that thou may'st know my Chamber, and let us Converse together this Night, alone. I will leave the Door open ; I have several things to tell thee concerning thy Life, and for thy Advantage. I bow'd down my Head in token of Obedience ; which confirm'd her I was the very *Montiel* she look'd for, (as she afterwards told me). I impatiently wish't for Night, to see where this Mystery would end ; and having heard her call'd *Sorceress*, I expected great Matters from her Conversation. Night came, and in short, I went alone to her Chamber, which was obscure, narrow, low, and only illuminated with the winking Light of a small earthen Lamp : Which the old Woman fell to stirring, as soon as I appear'd, to make

66 *The Deceitful Marriage, &c.*

make it burn, and seated her self on a little Chest,  
and I by her. She fell again to embracing me,  
and I to defending my self from her Caresses. At  
length 'I trusted in Heaven (*began she*) that before  
' these Eyes of mine were clos'd in their last Sleep,  
' I might see thee again, my dear Son; and since I  
' have seen thee, let Death come and rid me of this  
' irksom Life! Know, my Child, that in this Ci-  
' ty, liv'd not long since the most famous Inchan-  
' tress that ever was in the World. Her Name  
' was *Camacha de Montilla*. She was so singularly  
' Eminent in her Art, that the *Circe's* and *Medea's*,  
' so much spoken of in History, were nothing to  
' her. She congeal'd the Clouds when she pleas'd;  
' and cover'd the Face of the Sun with Darkness;  
' and when she took a Fancy to'r, she made the  
' most troubled Sky serene. She transported Peo-  
' ple in an Instant, to the remotest Countrys of  
the Earth. She marvelously repair'd young Wo-  
men, who had been careless in preserving their  
Virginity. She Cover'd Widows in such a Man-  
ner, that they might be honestly Dishonest. She  
marry'd and unmarry'd any she had a mind  
to. In *December* she had fresh Roses growing in  
her Garden, and in *January* she reap'd her Corn.  
As for making *Watercreffes* grow in a Tray, that  
was the least thing she could do; As well as  
showing in a Looking-Glass, or upon the Nail of  
an Infant, the Dead or the Living. She had the  
Report of transforming Men into Beasts; and actu-  
ally made use of a Sexton six Years in the Shape  
of an Ass, which is a thing I never could com-  
prehend how she effected; for as to what is re-  
lated of those Witches of Antiquity, who chang'd  
Men into Beasts, the Learned say, 'twas nothing  
but the Charms of their wonderful Beauty,  
with

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with which they so captivated the Men, and managed 'em in the same manner, as if they had been Beasts. But Experience shews it otherwise in thee, my Son ; for I know thee to be a Rational Person, though thou art now under the Figure of a Dog. Perhaps 'tis the Effect of the Science they call *Tropelia*, which causes one thing to be taken for another. Be it as it will, what grieves me, is, that neither thy Mother nor I, though we were the Disciples of the famous *Camacha*, ever could arrive at so much Knowledge as She was Mistress of: Nor for want of Wit or Capacity, or Desire (for we had enough of all that and to spare) but, out of the abundance of her Malice, she would never teach us the greatest Secrets of her Art, but reserv'd 'em to her self, that she might always have some Advantage and Superiority over us. Thy Mother, Child, was call'd *Montiela*, and, next to *Camacha*, was most celebrated. My Name is *Canizares*, and if I did not Know so much as the other two, at least I had as good Inclinations as either of them. True it is, the Courage thy Mother had, to draw into a Circle a Legion of Devils, and her self in the midst of 'em, was not inferior to that of her Mistress. For my part I was always somewhat timorous, and contented my self with Dealing in the middle Region of the Air ; but, be it spoke with due Respect to them both, as for making up of the Ointments we Witches use, I would not have yielded precedence to either of them, or to any other who at this Day follows Our Rules: For thou must know, my Child, that having observ'd, and still observing, that my Life, which flies upon the fleet Wings of Time, is continually drawing to its end ; I was minded, entire-

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ly to leave off the wicked Practice of Magick (wherein I was many Years involv'd) and satisfy'd my self with the sole Curiosity of being a Witch, which is a most difficult Trade to leave off. Thy Mother found it so; she abandon'd many of her Vices, did abundance of good Works in this Life, but at last dyed a Witch. The poor Woman dy'd of very Grief at what her Mistress *Camacha* had done to her out of Envy, because she almost equall'd her in Knowledge, or from some other Pique of Jealousie that I cou'd never sift out. You must know, your Mother, being big with Child, and ready to lye in, invited *Camacha* to stand Godmother. She likewise serv'd for a Midwife. Thy Mother at last was happily deliver'd of two Sons; what does this unlucky Woman do, but when she receiv'd them, shew'd thy Mother that she was deliver'd of two little Dogs; saying withal, "here has been some base Doings; but however, Sister *Montiela*, be of good Courage, I am thy Friend, and will conceal this Birth, only take care of thy Health, and depend upon it, thy Disgrace shall be bury'd in Silence it self.

"I was no less surpris'd at this strange Accident, than thy Mother. *Camacha* went her Ways, and carry'd the little Puppies along with her. I remain'd with thy Mother to comfort her, who cou'd not believe what she had seen. At length came the period of *Camacha's* Life, and in her last Hours she sent for thy Mother, and told her how she had turn'd her Children into Dogs, for a certain Disgust she had taken against her; nevertheless she bid her not be troubled at it, for that the Inchantment would not last always, and that they shou'd return to their former Being, when

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when they least thought of it; yet, that this should not happen till they had first seen, with their own Eyes, the accomplishment of this Prophecy,

*When some All-pow'rful Hand is found  
To raise the Humble from the Ground;  
When by a sure and sudden Blow,  
The Lofly shall be laid as low;  
Heav'n will Then, and not before,  
To your two Sons their Shape restore.*

Thy Mother took this Prophecy in Writing, and I laid it up in my Memory, that I might tell it to one of you, if ever I met with an Opportunity: The thing was difficult; but now I perceive Time brings every thing about for those that can have Patience. The only thing I could do, was to call all the Dogs (I saw) by thy Mother's Name, to try if any would Answer to a Call so different from other Dogs. And this Evening, observing thee to perform so many Things, and hearing thee call'd the *Wise Dog*; seeing thee also lift up thy Head to look on me when I call'd thee into the Alley, I believ'd that thou certainly wert one of the unhappy Children of *Montiela*. I take a very great Pleasure, my dear Child, in letting thee know the History of thy Birth, since at the same time I inform thee of the Means, by which thou may'st hope to Recover thy former Shape. I could wish it were as easily done, as that of *Apuleius's* Golden Ass, which consisted only in eating a Rose; but thou wilt have greater Difficulties to surmount; for, if thou observest the Prophecy, it depends upon the Actions of another, and not on thy own Diligence. What you are to do

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' do, my Son, is to recommend your self to God  
 ' with your whole Heart, and to hope that this  
 ' Prediction will be suddenly and prosperously ac-  
 ' complish'd, as I am certain it will, since the  
 ' great *Camacha* has said it. Both you and your  
 ' Brother (if he be alive) shall see it fulfill'd to  
 ' your Heart's desire: What damps my Joy for it,  
 ' is, that I am too near my End to be an Eye-  
 ' witness of it. Many times have I been desirous  
 ' to ask my *Goat* what Issue your Adventures would  
 ' have; but I thought it would be to no purpose  
 ' to do it, because he never answers directly to  
 ' what we demand of him, but always in ambi-  
 ' guous Terms; thus there is no asking this our  
 ' Lord and Master any thing, he mixes so many  
 ' Lies with one Truth: Besides, by what I have  
 ' collected from his Answers, he knows nothing  
 ' Certainly of things to come, but only by Con-  
 ' jecture; yet for all this he so strongly enchants  
 ' those who have once giv'n themselves to him, that  
 ' notwithstanding all the Shams he imposes on them,  
 ' they cannot leave him. We sometimes travel a  
 ' vast Distance to wait on him, where, in a great  
 ' Field, we meet infinite Numbers of People,  
 ' Witches, and Wizards. He gives us things to  
 ' eat that have no Taste, and makes us commit  
 ' such foul and abominable Pranks, that, (as I  
 ' have a Soul to be sav'd) I am both afraid and a-  
 ' sham'd to mention 'em. Some People are of O-  
 ' pinion that we do not go to these nocturnal Meer-  
 ' ings in Person, but only in Fancy, wherein the  
 ' Devil represents the Images of all those things  
 ' we afterwards Say we have seen. Others main-  
 ' tain that we really go thither in Body and Soul.  
 ' For my part, I believe both Opinions to be true,  
 ' though we do not know when we go thither, ei-  
 ' ther

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ther in the one or the other manner ; for the things  
with which our Imagination is fill'd, are so in-  
terse, that they are not easily distinguish'd from  
Realities. The *Inquisitors* have made Experi-  
ments on some of us, and I believe have found  
what I say to be true ; However it be, I confess  
to thee, we are guilty of horrible Sins ; for I  
know very well, that God is as much offended at  
Evil Thoughts, as Evil Actions. I abhor the  
Condition I'm in, I would gladly depart from  
the Evil of my Ways, and have us'd my best En-  
deavours towards it ; for which purpose I am  
now in this Hospital, where I look after the Poor,  
and the Sick ; and some of them, when they dye,  
leave me a small matter for the Care I take in  
picking the Fleas out of their Cloaths. I Pray  
sometimes, in Publick ; I Murmur often, and  
in Secret ; but it is better to be a Hypocrite,  
than a declar'd Sinner. The Appearances of my  
present good Works deface the Memory of my  
past bad Ones, in those that know me ; and in-  
deed feign'd Sanctity hurts no Body but the Dis-  
sembler. Look thee, *Montiel*, be Good, as far as  
thou art able, I advise thee ; and if thou must be  
Wicked, endeavour as much as possible, not to  
appear so. I am a Witch I don't deny it, and so  
was thy Mother, but our external Looks acquir'd  
us abundant Credit every where. Three Days  
before she dyed, we were together in a Valley  
of the *Pyrenean* Mountains at one of our *Sab-  
baths*, as they call 'em ; and yet when she dyed,  
'twas with so much Peace and Tranquility, that  
if it had not been for some wry Mouths she made  
just a Quarter of an Hour before she expir'd,  
none would have thought she had been lying in a  
Bed of Roses. She carry'd in her Heart the Me-  
mory

memory of her two Sons, and declar'd, though in the Article of Death, that she wou'd never forgive *Camacha*; so constant and unshaken was her Resolution. I clos'd her Eyes, and attended her to the Grave, where I left her for ever; though I am not without hopes of seeing her again, before I Dye; for I have been told by People of the Place, that she has been seen to walk in Church-Yards and Cross-Ways in different Shapes; perhaps I may sometime or other find her there, which if I do, I will ask her whether she wou'd have me perform any thing for the Quiet of her Conscience.

You may well believe, my dearest *Scipio*, that I was terribly frighten'd at the Relation of all this. Every Word the Old Woman said, concerning the Person she call'd my Mother, was a Lance that went to my very Heart. I had much ado to forbear tearing her to pieces: I only declin'd it, that she might not dye in that miserable Condition. At length she told me, she had Thoughts of anointing her self that Night, in order to go to one of her accusom'd Meetings; and when she was there she wou'd inform herself from her Lord concerning my Destiny. If I cou'd have spoke, I wou'd have ask'd her what Oyntments those were she made use of: It seems she knew my mind, for she answer'd my Desire as if I had express'd it. This Oyntment (*said she*) is compounded of the Juice of several Plants extremely cold, and not as the vulgar believe, of the Blood of Children that we Strangle. Here, perhaps, thou may'st desire to know what Pleasure or Advantage the Devil can take in causing us to Murther young Children; since he knows, that being Baptiz'd and without Sin, they go directly to Heaven; besides which, he receives

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ceives an additional Torment for every Christian Soul that escapes him. To this I can make no other Answer, but, as the Proverb says, *Such a One puts out both his Eyes, that his Enemy may lose One.* Add to this, the Grief the Parents suffer for the loss of their Children, which is the greatest that can be imagin'd, and causes them sometimes to Murmur against God; but what imports him more, is to keep us constantly employ'd in Acts of Cruelty and Barbarity. The Divine Power suffers us to commit these horrible Murders for the Sins of Mankind. Without his Permission, I know by Experience, the Devil cannot hurt a Worm or a Pismire; and this is so true, that once when I desir'd him to destroy a Vineyard, belonging to an Enemy of mine, he answer'd, He could not touch a Leaf of it, because God would not suffer it. By this thou may'st know, when thou com'st to be a Man, that all the Misfortunes which befall Nations, Kingdoms, Cities, and People, suddain Deaths, Shipwrecks, Contagions, Famine: In short, all Evils that may be call'd *Punishments*, come from the Hand of the most High, and from his permitting Will; as the Evils which are call'd *Crimes*, proceed only from our selves. God is Sinless, from whence it follows that we our selves are the Authors of Sin, in Thought, in Word, and in Deed. Thou wilt perhaps ask (Son Montiel) (if peradventure thou understandest me,) *Who has made me a Theologist?* or wilt say within thy self, *Deuce take her for an old Whore, why does she not repent, since she knows so much, and return to God, who is more ready to pardon Sins, than to permit 'em.* To this I answer, as if thou had'st asked me, That the Habit of Vice turns into Nature; and the Custom of being a  
E Witch

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Witch, converts into Flesh and Blood. For it being a Sin that consists in sensual and carnal Delights, it deadens and stupefies the Understanding, and dazles the Soul, so that 'tis incapable of performing its Office ; nor can it, whilst it continues in this State of Inactivity, Weakness, and Relaxation, raise it self up to the Consideration of one good Thought. From whence proceeds so great a Forgetfulness of it self, that it no more remembers the Terrors God threatens it with, or the Glories with which he invites it. The Soul is no longer Mistress of the Body, when once this Habit is settl'd ; The Flesh drags it wherever it pleases ; and therefore it is, that of all Sins, Pleasure is the most Fatal ; for which Reason the Devil makes choice of it to draw us to himself, and entertains us accordingly, that he may be sure of us. I am one of these sort of Souls. I see and approve of the narrow Way that leads to Happiness ; but my Will being fetter'd with sensual Delights, I pursue the broad One, leading to Destruction. But to return to the Subject of the Oyntments ; I tell thee they are so cold, they deprive us of all our Sences when we apply 'em ; So that we remain stark naked, stretch'd out upon the Ground, and Then it is they say, we Act in Fancy, what to our thinking we really perform. At other times, after we have nointed our selves, to our Apprehension our Form is chang'd, and being turn'd into Cocks, Owls, Crows, or the like, we go to the Place where our Master expects us. There we recover our former Shape, and enjoy those Pleasures which I shall forbear to mention ; they being such as Memory would be scandaliz'd to recollect, or the Tongue to rehearse. Yet for all this, I am a Witch, and

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' cover my Enormous Crimes with the Cloak of  
' Hypocrisy. True it is, if some People Esteem  
' and Honor me as a good Woman, there's no  
' want of others who tell me within a Fingers  
' breadth of my Ear, how that once upon a time,  
' the Executioner (for want of a Bribe) exercis'd  
' his full Power upon my Shoulders : But that's  
' past, and all things pass : Memory loses it self :  
' Life returns no more : Tongues grow tired : and  
' new Adventures cause the old Ones to be forgot :  
' I am an Hospitler, I give a tolerable Colour to  
' my Conduct, have a good time on't with my  
' Oyntments, and am not so old but I may live a  
' Year longer ; though being o'th' wrong Side of  
' Threescore and Ten, I cannot Fast, because of my  
' Age ; nor Pray, because of a Giddyness in my  
' Head ; nor go in Pilgrimage, because of the  
' Weakness of my Legs ; nor give Alms, because  
' I am Poor ; nor think of any thing that's Good,  
' because I love Evil. And since I cannot *think*  
' of Good, it follows that I *do* none ; for Thought  
' precedes Action. Notwithstanding all this, sure I  
' am, that God is good and merciful, and knows  
' how to dispose of me. But enough of this ; let  
' us break off a Conversation that really afflicts  
' me. Come hither, Son, and thou shalt see me  
' 'noint my self ; for, all Sorrows are good with  
' Bread-- a fat Evil is better than a lean One--  
' Take hold of a good Day--Make Hay while the  
' Sun shines--While we Laugh, we do not Weep--  
' I mean, that though the Pleasures of the Devil are  
' Specious and False, yet they seem agreeable to us ;  
' and there is much greater Delight in Fancy, than  
' in Fruition ; though in true Pleasure, it ought to  
' be otherwise,

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After this long Harangue, she got up, and taking her Lamp, went into another Room, less than the former; I follow'd her, distracted with a thousand Thoughts, and amaz'd at what I had heard, and what I expected to see. *Canizares* hung up the Lamp against the Wall, pull'd off her Headcloaths, and with great haste stripp'd her self to her Smock. Then taking a Glass-pot out of a Corner, and muttering something horrible between her Teeth, 'nointed her self from the Soles of her Feet to the Crown of her Head. While she was doing this she warn'd me, that whether her Body remain'd in the Chamber without any Sence, or whether it disappear'd, I shou'd not be afraid, nor cease to expect her there till the Morning; for that I should be inform'd of what was to befall me before I was to return to my human Shape. I promis'd, with a low Reverence, to obey her. With that she made an end of Dawbing, and stretch'd her self on the Floor as if she were dead. I put my Mouth close to hers, and found she had nor the least Breath. I confess I was terribly frighted to see my self shut up in that little Room, with such a Figure before me, which I'll describe to thee as well as I can. She was above Seven Foot long; a perfect Skeleton of Bones, cover'd with a black Hairy Hyde; her Belly, like wet Leather, Swagg'd over her private Parts and hung half way down her Thighs; her Dugs seem'd like the two dry'd Udders of an old Cow; her Lips black; her Teeth set; Nose hook'd and broadish; her Eyes starting out; her Hair hanging frightfully; her Cheeks suck'd in; her Neck extremely long and scraggy, and her Stomach sunk away: In short, she was all over horribly Deform'd and Devil-like. I look'd stedfastly on her for some time. Fear soon took inire

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Possession of me, considering the hideous Aspect of her Body, and the worse Employment of her Soul. I would have bit her, to try if she had any Sense, but could not find the least Place all over her Body which did not strike me with Horror and Nauseousness. At last growing bolder, I took her by one heel, and drag'd her out into the Court-yard; but for all this, she gave no Signs of Feeling. There, seeing my self at large, and looking up to Heav'n, my Fear was so far lessen'd, that I had the Courage to wait till Day, and see where this horrible Scene would end. In the mean time I made a thousand Reflections, both upon the deplorable Condition of this miserable Creature, and upon the Good and Evil Things she had spoken. *Who has made this old Woman so Wise and so Wicked?* said I to my self; *Who has Instructed her in the Difference between Evils committed and Evils inflicted? How comes she to understand and to talk so pertinently of God and of the Devil? Whence is it so much Sinfulness is joyn'd with so little Ignorance?* In such Considerations the Night pass'd; and Day appearing, found us both in the middle of the Court-yard; She stretch'd out, and motionless, and I sitting by without once taking my Eyes off her. The People of the Hospitall ran to this Spectacle, *Alas!* (cry'd some) *the blessed Canizares is dead! see how Penitence has disfigur'd her!* Others more considerate, felt her Pulse, and finding she had one, concluded she was not dead, but in a holy Trance or Rapture. Some there were, who went directly to the Point. *This old Whore* (said they) *must certainly be a Witch, and has been 'nointing her self; for Saints are never in such indecent, such scandalous Transports; besides, among those that knew her, she has had more the Report of a Witch than a Saint.*

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Others more curious, apply'd Pins, and run them up to the Head in her Flesh; and yet for all this they could not wake her; nor did she begin to stir till Seven in the Morning; when feeling her self prick'd with the Pins, and bit by me, and all over bruised with dragging from her Chamber, and in presence of so many People that were about her, she was strangely surpriz'd and confounded, you may well think. She presently imagin'd, I had been the Author of her Disgrace, and accordingly flew upon me like a Fury, and taking me by the Throat with both her Hands, did all she could to strangle me. Crying out, *Villain! Ingrate! Ignorant! and Malicious! is this the Reward of the good Services I did thy Mother, and those I intended to do for thee?* I seeing my Life in Danger between the Talons of so fierce a Harpy, shook her off, and at the same time fastning on the long Skirts of Skin, that hung from her Belly I dragg'd her about the Yard. She cryed out to deliver her from the Teeth of the Evil Spirit! Upon this, the Standers-by believing I must be some of those Evil Spirits who take a Pleasure in tormenting the Saints, Some ran for Holy Water; Some Crost themselves a thousand times over without daring to come near me; Others cryed out for an Exorcist; the old Woman grunted, I growled; never was seen so much Confusion and Disorder. My Master came in upon the Noise, and hearing I was a Devil, was at his Wits end. Others, who laugh'd at Exorcisms, had Recourse to two or three good Cudgels, with which they began to Conjure my Loins after a very disagreeable Manner. I did not like this Sport at all; for they knock'd as loud against my Ribs as if they thought I had been Deaf. Upon this, I quitted the old Woman, and made but two Leaps on't into the Street, and in a few

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few more was got out of Town, with an infinite Number of Boys at my Heels, crying out, *The Wife Dog is run mad*; others said, *he is no Dog, but a Devil in the Shape of a Dog*. Thus I ran the Gaunt-lope through the Town, followed by a World of People, who verily believ'd I was the Devil, as well upon Account of what they had seen me perform, as what they had heard the old Woman say when she waked from her Dream. My Flight was so very quick, they thought I had Vanish'd, and must necessarily be a Spirit. In less than six Hours, I travell'd more than twelve Leagues, and being got to the Frontiers of *Granada*, I met with a Company of Gypsies who were together in a Field. There I rested a little, for some of 'em knew me to be the Wife Dog, and receiv'd me with no small Joy. They hid me in a Cavern, lest I should escape from them, or be found, in case I were pursu'd. They intended (by what I afterwards understood) to make the same Advantages of me, as my Master the *Drummer* had done. Twenty Days I tarry'd with them, in which time I learn'd a great many of their Practices, which for their singularity deserve to be known.

*Scip.* Before thou goest any further, *Berganza*, It is fit we stop a little, as to what the Witch told thee, and examine if this Story thou givest Credit to, can possibly be true. Looke, *Berganza*, 'twou'd be a great Folly to believe *Camacha* chang'd Men into Beasts, or that a Sexton in the Form of an Ass, shou'd serve her so many Years, as she said he did. All these things, and others of the like Nature, are meer Illusions, Impositions and Juggles of the Devil; and though we now seem to have some Understanding and Reason, because we talk (being in fact Dogs, or in the shape of such) We have already

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said, 'tis a miraculous Thing and never before  
 Wou'dst thou be more clearly satisfy'd of this? Con-  
 sider in how many Idle Things and absurd Parti-  
 culars *Camacha* said our Restoration consisted  
 then what may seem to thee to be a Prophecy,  
 nothing but a Fable, an Old Woman's Tale, Like  
 the Story of the *Headless Horse* or the *Divining Wand*,  
 fit to pass away the long Winter Evenings by the  
 Fire Side. If 'twere any thing else, 'twould  
 been accomplish'd e'er now, unless her Word  
 to be taken in an *Allegorical* Sence, as I then  
 call it, which Sence, though different from  
*literal*, yet is not contrary to it; Thus, she  
 say, we shall return to our antient Estate,  
 shall see the Lusty laid low, and the  
 May imply, that we shall recover  
 we shall see those who were Y<sup>e</sup>  
 of Fortune's Wheel, suddenly  
 and despis'd by such as be  
 And agen, when we shall see  
 Hours ago had no part  
 up a Number, and  
 cause of their *Lownes*  
 that pitch we cannot  
 Now if the Prophecy consist  
 it often enough, and do seem  
 which I am convinc'd, *Camacha*  
 be taken in an *Allegorical* Sence.  
 Remedy consist in taking it *Literally*  
 many times been Eye-witnesses  
 Words foreteli, yet still continue in  
 Form; For what else can they mean, but  
 at *Nine-pins*, where those that were up, are  
 denly knock'd down, and those that were down, as  
 soon put up? So that *Camacha* was an Impostor,  
*Canizares* a Cheat, and *Montiela* Mad, Malicious  
 and



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said, 'tis a miraculous Thing and never before seen. Wou'dst thou be more clearly satisfy'd of this? Consider in how many Idle Things and absurd Particulars *Camacha* said our Restoration consisted, and then what may seem to thee to be a Prophecy, is nothing but a Fable, an Old Woman's Tale, Like the Story of the *Headless Horse* or the *Divine Wand*, fit to pass away the long Winter Evenings by the Fire Side. If 'twere any thing else, 'twould have been accomplish'd e'er now, unless her Words are to be taken in an *Allegorical* Sence, as I think they call it, which Sence, though different from the *Literal*, yet is not contrary to it; Thus, therefore to say, we shall return to our antient Form, when we shall see the Lofty laid low, and the Humble rais'd, May imply, that we shall recover our Form, when, we shall see those who were Yesterday at the top of Fortune's Wheel, suddenly brought under it, and despis'd by such as before honour'd 'em; And agen, when we shall see others, who but few Hours ago had no part in the World but to fill up a Number, and were scarce perceiv'd because of their *Lowness*, on a sudden rais'd to that pitch we cannot see them for their *Height*. Now if the Prophecy consists in this, we have seen it often enough, and do see it every Day; by which I am convinc'd, *Camacha's* Verses are not to be taken in an *Allegorical* Sense. Neither does our Remedy consist in taking it *Literally*, since we have many times been Eye-witnesses of what the Words foreteli, yet still continue in our *Canine* Form; For what else can they mean, but a *Game at Nine-pins*, where those that were up, are suddenly knock'd down, and those that were down, as soon put up? So that *Camacha* was an Impostor, *Canizares* a Cheat, and *Montiela* Mad, Malicious and

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and Villanous, with Respect be it spoken, if she was our Mother or rather thine, for I will not own her.

*Berg.* Thou art in the Right, Friend *Scipio*. I find thou art Wiser than I took thee to be. By what thou hast said, I am apt to think, all we have hitherto done, and are now doing, is a Dream, and that we are really Dogs. But let us not however fail to make use of the Benefit of Discourfing, so long as we can possibly do it; and therefore be not uneasy to hear me tell thee what happen'd to me with the Gypsies, who hid me in the Cave.

*Scip.* I had much rather hear that Story, than any Reflections thou can't make to comfort me or thy self for so unworthy an Original as that of our Birth.

*Berg.* What I did with the Gypsies, was to observe their many Wickednesses, Cheats, and Robberies which they constantly practise, as well Men as Women, from their swadling Clouts to their Graves. Seest thou in what Multitudes they swarm all over *Spain*? Be assur'd, they all know one another, and keep Correspondence. Their Traffic consists in Bartering the Things they Steal; The Owners whereof can never possibly reclaim them, the things are transported and sold at that Distance. To a certain Person they call *Count*, and to his Successors, they pay more Obedience than to the *King*. These *Counts* bear the Sur-Name of *Maldonado*, not that they are deriv'd from that noble Family, but because a certain Page, belonging to a Knight of that Name, fell in Love with a Gypsie-Woman, who refus'd to grant his Suit, unless he wou'd turn Gypsie and Marry her. The Page consented, and made himself so acceptable to the rest of the Gypsies, that they chose him for their Ruler, and swore

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Allegiance to him. Those that succeeded him, are, as I said before, call'd by the same Name, and bear the same Title; the same Oaths are taken; and the Gypsies wherever they are, send to him, in token of Vassalage, the best and most valuable part of their Prizes. To give some Colour to their Idleness, they employ themselves in working Things in Iron; making Instruments with which they facilitate their Robberies. Thus you may continually see 'em with Pincers, Augurs, Hammers, and Implements of that sort to sell about the Streets. All their Women are Midwives, and in that particular excels ours; for they are deliver'd without any Charge or Assistance. They immediately wash their Children in cold Water. From their Birth to their Death, they accustom themselves to endure the Rigor and Inclemency of the Air. By this Means they become Robust and Hardy; Active in Vaulting, Running, Dancing, Leaping, and able to bear any Inconvenience. They never Marry but among themselves, that their wicked Customs may not be divulged. They are very observant of the Respect due to their Husbands, and few of their Women transgress the Bounds of conjugal Duty, with any Person, not of their Tribe. When they ask an Alms, they rather draw it from ye by their Invention and Buffoonry, than by their Devotion; and because no Body will trust 'em, they Serve no Body, but give themselves up to Idleness. And though I've often been o'th' inside of a Church, yet to the best of my Remembrance, I seldom or never saw a Gypsie communicating at the Foot of an Altar. Their Thoughts are constantly busy'd, how to Cheat this Man or Rob that. Whenever they meet, they compare Notes, and Discourse upon the various Methods and Stratagems they use: This they  
do

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do for their mutual Edification. One Day a Gyp-  
sie-Man related in my hearing, a Trick he had put  
upon a Countryman. 'Twas this; The Gypsie had  
an As with a Bob-tail, into which he wove a good  
Quantity of Hair so Artfully, it seem'd Natural.  
He leads him to Marker, sells him to a Peasant for  
Six Ducats, and having receiv'd the Mony, tells  
him, that if he were minded to buy another As as  
good as that, he would sell it him much cheaper.  
The Country-man bade him fetch'n, and he wou'd in  
the mean time go home with that he had bought.  
The Country-man went his ways, and the Gypsie,  
following at a distance, found Means to steal the  
very As he had sold him. He immediately pluck'd  
off his counterfeir Tail, and changing his pack Sad-  
dle and his Halter, had the Impudence to go and  
look for the Country-man, and to sell him his As  
once again. He found him before he mis'd his  
As, and after a few Words, the fellow agreed to buy  
him. Being oblig'd to go to his Inn for Money, he  
finds an As less than his Reck'ning; and violently  
suspecting the Gypsie had stol'n him, refus'd to pay the  
Money. The Gypsie referr'd himself to Witnesses,  
and produced those who had taken the Duty for  
the Sale of the first As. They swore the Gypsie  
had sold the Country-man an As with a long Tail,  
and very different from the As in Question. An  
*Alguazil* was all the while present, and defended  
the Gypsie's Cause so effectually, that the Country-  
man was forc'd to pay twice for the same Beast.  
Many other *Larcenies* they related, all or most of  
'em concerning Cattle, wherein they are the greatest  
Proficients, and exercise themselves the most. In  
short they are an Evil Generation; and though di-  
vers and sundry Magistrates, no less Prudent than  
Severe, have endeavour'd to correct 'em, they are  
ne-

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never the better! I liv'd with them about Three Weeks, but not liking their Character, left them at *Granada* without saying a Word.

I enter'd into the Garden of a \* *Morisco*, who took me in with a very good Will, and I remain'd with a better; fancying he intended me for nothing but to keep his Garden; an Office, I thought less troublesome than that of keeping a Flock of Sheep. There being no Dispute about Wages, 'twas an easy thing for him to find a Servant, and for me a Master. I continu'd with him above a Month, not for the Pleasure I took in the Life I led, but for the sake of knowing the Life my Master led, and consequently all the other Moors in *Spain*. Ah *Scipio*! how many and what Things cou'd I tell thee of these Moorish Rascals, but that I fear I shou'd not have done in a Fortnight, nor in two Months, if I were to give it at full length; but something I will tell thee; therefore prepare to hear in general what I observ'd in particular of these Good People. As many of 'em as there are in the Kingdom, it wou'd be a Miracle to find one who believes directly in the sacred Christian Law. All their Thoughts are bent upon heaping Wealth, and to keep it; for which purpose they Work hard, and eat little. When the *Reale* (the *Rhino*) comes into their Power, they condemn it, though Innocent, to perpetual Imprisonment and eternal Darkness. So that, always getting, never spending, they lay up the vastest Quantities of Money throughout *Spain*. They are the Kingdom's

\* *Moriscoes* were the Race of Moors in *Spain*, most whereof were counterfeit Christians, and conspir'd to bring in the Moors again; for which Reason they were all expelled by Philip III.

Moths,

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Moths, her Magpyes, her Wheelshells, her Box with a slit in't, her Counter-Till; they catch every thing, hide every thing, swallow every thing. Consider the Prejudice they do the Nation! They are many in Number, and every Day scraping and hoarding more or less; An *Ague* destroys Life, as well as the spotted Fever. Their Numbers are continually growing, and their Means augmenting and multiplying, *ad Infinitum*. There is no Chastity among the Men; nor do any of 'em; either Men or Women, enter into Religious Orders; They all Marry, and all Multiply, for Sobriety increases the Causes of Generation. They are not consum'd by War, nor overwrought with Labour. They Rob us with Security, and grow rich by retailing to us the Fruits of our own Inheritance. They keep no Servants, being all such themselves; nor are they at any Expence in Schooling their Children; since they Study no other Science but that of cheating us. Of the Twelve Sons of *Jacob*, who (I have heard say) enter'd into *Egypt*, there went out with *Moses*, when he deliver'd 'em from their Captivity, Six hundred thousand Men, besides Women and Children. From whence we may infer, how these will Multiply, being without Comparison much greater in Number.

*Scip.* A Remedy has been sought for all these Mischiefs thou hast describ'd; (though I know thou hast omitted more and greater than thou hast mention'd). Hitherto indeed, no proper Means of Redress has been hit upon; but there are Men of great Prudence and Zeal at the Helm of Affairs, who considering the Cries of *Spain*, and how she harbours in her Bosom so many Vipers as these *Moscovites*, will (by the help of God) find a certain, speedy, and effectual Cure for these Grievances.

*Berg:*

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*Berg.* My Master, like all the rest of his Tribe, was covetous beyond Expression. He fed me with miller Bread and Scraps of boil'd Mear, his Ordinary Commons: However I was content, because the Life I led was Quiet; and beside, I did not design to grow eld in his Company. His Garden was an agreeable pleasant Place, where all sorts of People had the liberty of Walking, and at all Hours too. I observ'd every Morning by Dawn of Day, there appear'd at the Foot of one of the largest Pomegranat-Trees in the Garden, a young Man, who seem'd to be a Student. He was habited in Freeze, which had once been black. He busy'd himself in Writing in a little stich'd Book, and from time to time knock'd his Forehead with his Hands, stamp't with his Feet, bit his Nails, bow'd his Head to the Earth, and of a sudden rais'd it up to Heaven. At other times he was so profoundly taken up with Thought, he mov'd neither Hand nor Foot, nor his very Eye-Lashes; so intense was his Imagination. One Day I drew near him without being perceiv'd, and heard him muttering some Words between his Teeth. A Moment after, he burst into a loud Exclamation, *By G---d, the best Stanza I ever made all the Days of my Life!* Then fell to Writing it hastily down in his Book. By this I discover'd two things, *First*, That he was a Poet; and *Secondly*, That he was extremely well satisfy'd with the Verses he was just deliver'd of. I fawn'd on him (as my manner was) to assure him of my Gentleness. I laid me down at his Feet, and with this Security he pursued his Studies, and returned to his Transports, to scratching his Pate, and writing down his Conceits. Upon the Neck of this, enters the Garden another young Fellow, very well dress'd, with Papers in his Hand, wherein he read  
by

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by fits, as if he was getting something by Heart: Coming up to the former, he ask'd him, *If he had finish'd the first Act?* I have this Moment done it, (Answer'd the Poet) *the finest that can be imagin'd!* As how, pray? (said the second) Thus, (reply'd the first) *Enter his Holyness the Pope in his Pontificalibus, with Twelve Cardinals all dress'd in Purple; because you must know when the Action, here represented, happen'd, it was at a time that the Cardinals are us'd not to be cloath'd in Red, but Purple, the Time of the Mutatio Caparum; and therefore by all Means, in order to preserve Propriety, it is convenient these Cardinals should be dress'd in Purple. This Particular will do me more Honour than you're aware of, for the Critics will see, that I not only know how to make Verses, but that I have read the Roman Ceremoniale. Besides, This is a Point that imports the Fable of my Play mightily, which must always be well observ'd, or else we should commit a thousand Impertinencies and Absurdities: but I could not possibly Err in it, because I have (between Friends) consulted the Records of the Ceremony-Office, purely to settle their Eminence's Habits. But where (reply'd the other) wou'd you have the Wardrobe-keeper find Habits for a Dozen Cardinals? If they cut me out one, (said the Poet) I wou'd as soon fly as let 'em have my Play. 'SDeath, Sir, must so great an Applause as this be lost? Get 'em they shall, though they go to Rome for them. Must the Publick, to satisfy the Avarice of a few Paltry Players, be priv'd of the most Pompous, the most Brilliant Spectacle that ever was; for in short, can any thing be imagin'd more Noble, more Worthy of a Dramatic Poem, than to introduce upon the Stage a Sovereign Pontiff, attended by Twelve grave Cardinals, and other Ministers and Officers of his Retinue, who must necessarily follow him?*

By

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By this time I was fully convinc'd, one was a Poet, and t'other a Player. The Comedian advis'd the Poet to leave out some of his Cardinals, if he wou'd not make the Play impracticable. To which the Poet reply'd, *They ought to thank him he had not brought in the whole Conclave, which he was about to have done, to follow the History the closer; and that if he wou'd his first Intention, 'twas purely by a Poetica Licentia, which those of the Trade wou'd forgive him.* The Player laugh'd, and left him in his Occupation to follow his own, which was to study a new Part he had in his Hand. I dare say, you think the Poet was mighty Chagrin upon this. Not at all; He fell to composing more Verses, as if nothing had happen'd. After which, with great Tranquility and Leisure, he drew out of his Pocket some Pieces of broken Bread, and about twenty dry'd Raisins, which I thought he counted, and yet I am in doubt whether there were so many or no; for they were accompany'd with some Crumbs of Bread. He blew 'em and garbled 'em, and eat the Raisins one by one, Fruit, Strick and all; for I did not see him throw away any thing; he eke'd 'em out with Bits of Bread, which being discolour'd with the Dirt of his Pocket, seem'd Mouldy, and were so very hard-condition'd, that tho' he endeavour'd, by much chewing, to soften 'em, 'twas impossible to move 'em. All which redounded to my Profit; for at last, he threw 'em to me. Behold, (cry'd I to my self,) what Nectar, what Ambrosia, this Poet gives me; such as they say the Gods and their Apollo live upon in Heaven!

By this thou seest, *Scipio*, that the Trade of a Poet is none of the best, with reference to Ease, and the Conveniencies of Life. Their Misery is great, generally speaking, but mine was still greater, that oblig'd

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oblig'd me to eat the refuse of one of the Poorest. What a Source for Reflection is this, if it were permitted us to make any ! Men are never so unhappy, but they find some more unhappy than themselves. So long as he was composing his Play, he never fail'd to come to the Garden, nor did I ever fail of Crumbs, for he dispens'd 'em liberally to me; then we used to go to the Fountain; where, I upon my Belly, and he, on his Knees, with his Earthen Cup, we satisfy'd our Thirst like Princes. But the Poet fail'd me, and I grew almost famish'd; so that I resolv'd to leave the *Moor*, and go into the City to seek my Fortune. I had not gone four Steps into the first Street, but met my Poet coming out of the famous Hospital of *St. Jerom*. He no sooner saw but came to me with open Arms, and I ran directly to him, with new Demonstrations of Joy to see him. He instantly drew out of his Pocket some pieces of Bread, softer than those he brought to the Garden, and put 'em into my Mouth without trying 'em himself. I follow'd him, with a Resolution to make him my Master, if he pleas'd; fancying that with the Superfluities of his little *Castle*, I might Victual my *Camp*: for there is not a larger or better Purse than that of *Charity*, whose liberal Hands are never Poor; Contrary to the Proverb, which says, a *Hard Man gives more than a Naked One*, as if the Hard and the Covetous gave any thing, to what the liberal naked Man does, who at least gives his good Will, if he has nothing else to bestow. By Degrees we came to the House of a Director to a Company of Comedians, into whose Hands the Poet had put one of his Pieces. The whole Company assembled to hear his Play read. And by the middle of the first Act, they all Filed off one after another, and left

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left only the Director, the Poet, and my self, who served for Audience. 'Twas such an execrable Play, that, as little as I understood of Poetry, I thought *Satan* himself had compos'd it for the utter Ruin and Perdition of this same Poet, who now walk'd up and down by himself swallowing his Spittle; and 'twas no Wonder his presaging Mind told him inwardly the Disgrace that threaten'd him. For, some time afterwards the Players re-enter'd, above a Dozen of 'em. Without a Word speaking, they laid hold of my Poet; and if it had not been for the Master who interceded in his Behalf, they had undoubtedly toss'd him in a Blanket. At the Accident, I was thunderstruck, the Director disgusted, the Comedians merry, and the Poet sad. With great Patience, though with a wry Face, he took his Comedy, and putting it into his Bosom, went murmuring out, *This it is to cast Pearls before Swine*, and so left them with all the Coolness and Temper it'h World. I, out of pure Shame, neither could nor would follow him, but stay'd with the Players, who omitted nothing to retain me, well foreseeing I should be serviceable to them. In less than a Month I became a great Farce-Actor of Mute Parts, by which I not only amus'd the Ignorant, during the Intervals of the Acts, but I reduced to Reason such as would come upon the Stage, or insulted my Master. Oh *Scipio*! Who can relate to thee what I saw in this and the other two Companys of Comedians wherein I serv'd! But it being impossible to reduce it to a succinct Narrative, I'll defer it to another Day (if ever we should have another Days Conversation together.) How long my Discourse has been, thou art sensible: How many and various my Adventures, thou hast heard, as likewise the strange Misfortunes and several Services

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vices I have pass'd through ; and yet all thou hast heard is nothing, compared to what I could tell thee of these People, their Conduct, Life, Customs, Exercises, Occupations, Idleness, Ignorance, and Cunning, with an infinite Number of other Things, some to be whisper'd, others to be publish'd aloud, and all to be had in Memory, for the undeceiving such as are Idolaters of feign'd Figures and artificial Beauties.

*Scip.* This Subject affords a large Field, *Berganza*, but I had rather you would deferr it to a particular Relation.

*Berg.* Be it so then, and listen to what I'm going to tell you. With one of these Companies I arriv'd in this City of *Valladolid*, where in an Interlude I receiv'd a Wound that had like to have cost me my Life. I could not revenge my self at thattime, being Muzzl'd; and afterwards I would not do it, in cold Blood ; because premeditated Vengeance argues Cruelty, and an evil Disposition. I dislik'd this Trade, not that it was Laborious, but because I saw such Doings as cry'd aloud for Reformation and Punishment at the same time. And it being easier for me to *Resent* than *Remedy* things, I resolv'd not to see 'em; and so betook my self to a Holy Life, as they do who leave their Vices when they can Sin no longer; though 'tis better late than never. I tell thee then, One Night as I saw thee in Company with the good and pious *Mabudes*, carrying a Lantern ; I presently envy'd thy Happiness, considering how Righteously and Holily thou wert employed. Full therefore of this laudable Emulation, I was desirous to follow thy Example. Don't you remember, how gravely I walked for some time by your Side ? and how the religious Man took a liking to me, and immediately chose me for  
your

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your Companion, and carry'd me with ye into this Hospital? What has happen'd to me here, is not so inconsiderable, but it Merits some Attention: especially a Conversation I heard between four Patients, whom Fortune and Necessity had brought into this House, and were all laid in so many different Beds, joyning to each other. Dear *Scipio*, give me your attention. The Tale is not long, and I believe you will like it.

*Scip.* Be quick; for by what I perceive, Day cannot be far off.

*Berg.* In one of the four Beds, (at the lower end of the Infirmary) there was an *Alchymist*, in another a *Poet*, in the third a *Mathematician*, and in the fourth a *Projector*.

*Scip.* I remember, I've seen those Sparks.

*Berg.* One Holiday last Summer, happening to be under one of their Beds, I heard such lamentable Complaints, accompany'd with Sighs and Exclamations, that I was really astonish'd. Who shou'd it be, but the *Poet*, cursing his hard Fate! The *Mathematician* asking, *Of whom it was that he complain'd so bitterly?* 'Of Fortune; (*quoth he*) 'She is justly said to be Blind; she is certainly so with regard to me. Those who say, Men of Desert are Masters of Her, are deceiv'd. Fortune reigns every where; and if sometimes she renders the most obscure things Illustrious, she often makes the most Illustrious things obscure, as by woful Experience I may speak it. Who would not Complain? Who would not Groan under Disasters like mine? You shall hear. I have, with the utmost exactness, observ'd what *Horace* prescribes in his Rules of Poetry; *not to let any Work see the Light, till it has been Compos'd ten Years.* I have gone further,

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I have spent twenty Years upon one Piece: A  
 Piece, sublime in the Subject, new in the Inven-  
 tion, grave in the Versification, various in the  
 Episodes, marvellous in the Catastrophe, and ad-  
 mirable in the Disposition; for, the Beginning an-  
 swers to the Middle, as that does to the End; so  
 that the whole together constitutes a Poem Lof-  
 ty, Sonorous, Heroic, Delectable, and Substan-  
 tial; yet for all this, Can I not find a Prince to  
 Dedicate it to! A Prince, I say, of Ingenuity, Li-  
 berality, and Magnanimity! Wretched, Deprav'd  
 Age! Pray, Sir, (interrupts the Chymist) *What*  
*may be the Subject of this Incomparable Book of*  
*yours?* It is (reply'd the Poet) a full and ample  
 Supplement to the Life of King Arthur of Eng-  
 land, and begins where Arch-Bishop Turpin left  
 off: With another Supplement to the History of  
 St. Brial, in Heroic Verse, part in Octaves, and  
 part in loose Verse; but All Dactyllically, in  
 Dactyls I say, Words that have the Accent on  
 the last Syllable save two, Nouns Substantives  
 all, without admitting the least Verb. Do ye ap-  
 prehend, Sir, that besides the *Utile* this Piece a-  
 bounds with, there can be no want of the *Dulce*,  
 which is the double End a Writer ought to pro-  
 pose to himself. I cou'd have continu'd the  
 History in *Prose*, but chose rather to do it in the  
 Language of the Gods. Prose is Cold and Insipid,  
 not fit, in short, to record stupendious Events;  
 whereas Poetry is Elevating, Surprising, and may  
 use Liberties which would be Ridiculous in an  
 Orator. To conclude, it belongs only to Poetry,  
 to deliver Things in a Noble and a great Man-  
 ner.  
 I am but very little skill'd in Poetry (reply'd  
 the *Alchymist*) and so cannot judge of the Mis-  
 fortune

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' fortune your Worship complains of; though if it  
 ' were ten times greater, it could not equal mine.  
 ' No, if any Man has a Right to complain of For-  
 ' tune, if any Man has Reason to say, There's no  
 ' Prince of Liberality i'th' World, and who under-  
 ' stands his true Interest, it is I, I only and no o-  
 ' ther. It is for want of such an Instrument to sup-  
 ' port and supply me with proper Utenfills, that I  
 ' am not now Swimming in Gold; richer than the  
 ' Midas's, the Crassus's, and the Crasus's, *Ex Ni-*  
 ' *bilo Nihil Fit*, is one of the first Principles of *Al-*  
 ' *chymy*. To make Gold, we must have Gold.  
 ' And yet to this Hour I have not met with either  
 ' King or Subject, that would risk a very moderate  
 ' Sum to Amass Millions.---Upon this the Mathe-  
 ' matician ask'd, *If his Worship had ever made the*  
 ' *Experiment of Extracting Gold from other Metals?*  
 ' I have not as yet, *reply'd the other*; But I know  
 ' it may be done; and that 'tis no *Chimera*, what-  
 ' ever the Ignorant say of it. I know that there is  
 ' a Powder of Projection, which being cast upon  
 ' a Quantity of imperfect Metal, such as Lead or  
 ' Copper, in a short Space changes it into a more  
 ' perfect kind, Gold or Silver. In less than two  
 ' Months, I'll lay any Man a Town to a Turnip,  
 ' I find this grand Elixir, with which Gold and Sil-  
 ' ver may be made, out of the very Stones them-  
 ' selves.

' Your Worships have, both of ye, mightily ex-  
 ' aggerated your Misfortunes (*said the Mathemati-*  
 ' *cian*); One has a Book to Dedicate, and wants  
 ' a *Mecenas*; the other is within View of the high-  
 ' est Transmutation Chymistry aspires to, and can  
 ' find no Body with Faith enough to hazard the  
 ' Expences of the Operation. This is *your Case*,  
 ' Gentlemen, but what will you say to *mine*?

Two

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Two and Twenty Years have I been hunting after the \* *Fix'd Point* ; here I had it, and there I had it, and when I fancy'd it could not possibly escape me, I found my self as far off as at my first setting out. The same thing happen'd to me in the *Quadrature of the Circle*, that is to say, the Description of a *Square*, whose Superficies should be precisely Equal to the Superficies of a *Circle*. This too I was so sure of, that I know not how the Devil it comes about I have it not in my Pocket. Thus my Torment is like that of *Tantalus*, who, in the midst of Plenty, dy'd with Hunger ; and perish'd with Thirst, up to the Chin in Water. When I thought I had nick'd the very Joynt of Truth, then was I forc'd to renew my Labour, and like a second *Sisyphus* rowl the Stone up-hill, that continually return'd upon me. All I shall say to you is this ; I have been running after a Phantom, and consum'd the brightest of my Days in Study and Meditation ; and after having worn out and exhausted my Wit and Brains in an Inquiry (of which I see plainly I was not capable) I find my self reduced to the last Necessity and Indigence. Now I perceive, when 'tis too late, that an Art is nothing if it cannot subsist in him who exercises it, and that these Discoveries, (which perhaps are not impossible) ought to busy none but such learned Men, to whom Fortune has been bountiful, or who are maintain'd by Persons of Quality and Estate.

Hi herto the *Projector* had kept Silence, but now he could hold no longer. ' Four such Complainers (*say'd he*) as can hardly be match'd under the Tyranny of the great Turk, has Poverty brought to-

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\* *The Longitude I suppose he means.*

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repeat it, I am a Projector and have giv'n the Court at several times divers and sundry Proposals, all for the King's Benefit, and not one to the damage of the Kingdom, and yet have constantly had the Misfortune to be Rejected, thanks to the Courriers and Ministers, whom I have not been lucky enough to please; not that my Advices were not good, but because they were too good; and this sort of Men, who are jealous of every thing, make it their Rule to remove from Court, all such as have more Penetration than themselves. I have it now in my Power to be reveng'd (*pursu'd be, smiling.*) I'll address no more to the Ministers, I'll go to the Fountain-head; I have prepar'd a Memorial which I will present to the King my self, discovering to him a Means whereby at once to discharge all the Debts of the Crown. I am willing to let you into the Secret, being perswaded you will keep it so, and that you will admire my Genius, and the depth of my Capacity. 'Tis this, I will propose to the King, that all his Subjects, of what Quality soever, from the Age of Fourteen to Threescore be oblig'd to *Fast* once a Month, or at least to live upon Bread and Water on such a Day as his Majesty shall please to appoint. And that all the Expence which might have been made that Day in other Aliments, such as Fruit, Flesh, Fish, Eggs, Wine, Pulse, &c. be reduced to Money, and given to His Majesty, to be accounted upon Oath, without defalcation of a Farthing. By this Means, in less than twenty Years I'll undertake the Crown shall not owe a single *Maravedi*. For if an Account be taken, as I have taken it, there are in *Spain* above three Millions of Souls of the fore said Age, besides such as are Sick, and

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others

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others over or under that Age. Now I suppose every individual of these three Millions to spend (upon a moderate Computation) about a *Real* and a half *per Day* (9 *d. Eng.*). Let us allow but one *Real*; and less they cannot live on, though they eat *Fengreek*. Do ye think, Gentlemen, three Millions of *Reals per Month* a small Matter? Besides, (*continu'd he*) This will be rather an Advantage than any Detriment to his Majesty's Subjects; because at the same time that they Serve the King, they will be Serving God, and working out their own Salvation. The Expedient is, upon twenty Respects, admirable. 'Tis a Project free from any Oppression or Incumbrance, clean as winnow'd Wheat, and may be collected Parochially without employing Commissioners, who are the real Blood-suckers of the People, and worse than the Plagues of *Egypt*.

They all Laugh'd, both at the Project and the Projector; And, what was singular enough, he himself could not help smiling at the oddness of the Thought. For my part, I was indeed surpriz'd at their Conversation, but not at all to see that the End of such Men was Dying in an Hospital.

*Scip.* Well-said, *Berganza*. Ha'st any thing further to offer?

*Berg.* Two Words and no more, with which I will conclude, for methinks I see Day appear.

I accompany'd *Mahudes*, one Evening, to the Governour's House of this City, a worthy Gentleman and a very good Christian. We found him all alone. After he had bestow'd his Alms, which according to his Custom was very considerable, The Discourse fell upon the Disorders of Lewd Women, who, rather than Work, prostitute themselves to all Comers, and every Spring and Fall glut the Hof-

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Hospitals with infinite Numbers of poor Wretches that Follow 'em, and who undergo horrible Torments in their Cure, and some of them Dye under the Violence of those very Remedies they go thither for the sake of. The Governor, among other things, said, that the Pains they suffer'd were only the Fore-runners of much greater in Store for them after this Life, for God wou'd most severely punish Uncleannels. That in the mean time, 'twere good to put a stop to such prodigious Wickedness. He added, that he had been often casting about and contriving some effectual Remedy to so great a Mischief; but that he fear'd 'twas incurable, considering the terrible Corruption of the Age.

Not above two or three Days before, I had heard an old Sinner arguing upon the same Subject; he was not so perplex'd, as the Governour, upon the Means of Redressing these Enormities; On the contrary he had hit upon a wonderful Good One. I was vext I cou'd not put in my Oar; and being transported with Zeal, and not reflecting that I wanted the Faculty of Speech, I set myself in a Posture of Talking; but instead of pronouncing any distinct Words, I fell a Barking with so much Vehemence, that the Governour was frighten'd, and cry'd out to his Servants to drive me away, as believing I was really Mad. A Footman, who to my Sorrow was not Deaf, came running in at his Master's Call, and seising a large Copper-pot next at Hand, flung it so furiously against my Ribs, that to this Hour I feel the Effects of the Blow.

*Scip.* And dost thou complain of this, *Bergan-*  
74?

*Berg.* Have I not Cause, if I feel it still? Besides, did I deserve to be Chastis'd for my good Intention?

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*Scip.* Look ye, *Berganza*, though your *Intention* was Good, yet you were to blame. No Body ought to give Advice that is not ask'd it, nor pretend to an Office which does not concern him. Besides, *Mabudes* and you went to the Governour's to beg Alms: In his Houle, you were both of ye, upon the Foot of *Paupers*: Now the Councils of a poor Man, however good they be, are never received; Neither ought Persons of low Condition to presume to instruct Great *Dons*, who believe they know every thing; and why shou'd they not believe it, since Flatterers have the Impudence to maintain it to their Face? Wisdom in a poor Man is hidden; Necessity and Milery are the Clouds that obscure it; and if by chance it breaks out, 'tis taken for Folly, and treated with Contempt.

*Berg.* You say very true; and having found it so by Experience, from this time forward I'll take more Care.

Another Night we went to wait upon a Lady of great Quality, who had in her arms a Lap-dog, so small she might have hid it in her Bosom. As soon as the little Monkey saw me, he leap'd from his Lady's Arms, and flew with open Mouth directly upon me, and gave nor over till he had bit one of my Legs. I turn'd towards him with Looks full of Anger and Disdain. However I durst not touch him, But, (said I to my self) *If I had thee in the Street, thou worthless little Animal, I would either Piss upon thee, or tear thee to Pieces.* This put me upon Reflecting that ev'n Cowards when supported with Favour, are Daring and Insolent, and forward to affront those who are infinitely better than themselves.

*Scip.* One Evidence of this Truth we may gather from certain sorry Scoundrels, who, under their

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their Master's Shadow, take State upon 'em and set up for brave Fellows. But when Death or any Accident of Fortune throws down the Tree they lean'd against, their Vileness is presently discover'd; for in truth they are worth no more than the Wages that's giv'n 'em. *Virtue* and good *Sense* are always one and the same, Naked or Cloath'd, Alone or in Company. True it is, they may suffer in the Estimation of the Vulgar, but not in their Real Value.

And now let us put an End to our Discourse; for by the Light that peeps in through the Chinks, I perceive Day is far advanced: To Morrow Night, if we have the same Opportunity, It shall be my Task to relate the Adventures I have met with.

*Berg.* Be it so, and don't fail to meet me in this Place, at the time agreed on. [Exeunt.]

The Doctor finish'd his Book, and the Captain his Nap, both at the same time. Though this Dialogue be feign'd (cry'd *Peralta*) and no such thing ever happen'd; yet I think it so well put together, that I hope, Captain, you will proceed and give us a Second Part. Upon this Encouragement (reply'd *Campuzano*) I will set about it, without disputing any further, whether the Dogs spoke it or no. 'Pshaw, 'Pshaw (said the Doctor) I like the Artifice and the Invention, and that's enough. Now let's go take a Walk, and recreate the Eyes of the *Body* as we have done those of the *Mind*. Come on, said *Campuzano*, and with that they went Abroad together.

And here the Translator cannot but shed a Tear, to think, the Author of so many fine Pieces, so usefully and divertingly Written, and who had likewise lost a Hand in the Service of his Country

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at the Battle of *Lepanto* (as he himself Glories in his Preface to this Work) shou'd be so far neglected in his old Age as to want Bread: and to be debarr'd of his Liberty, perhaps at the very time when he made his two Friends, the Doctor and Captain, talk of Recreating themselves Abroad.

He did not live, poor Gentleman! to make good his Promise of a *Second Part*; and nothing, but Reflecting on the Wretchedness of his Circumstances, can Comfort us for his Dying before he had compleated This and several other Things he intended for the Publick.

In Compliance with the Bookseller, who found it convenient to have a Page or two more, fill'd; I shall proceed a little further, and take Notice of some things which otherwise had gone unmention'd.

Hap'ning to shew this Translation in company of some Friends, they were so kind as to make their Objections. I must confess 'twas too late to alter any thing, the Sheets being wrought off. However, I had the Satisfaction to observe that the places they pointed to as Faults in the *Copy*, were what I knew to be Beauties in the *Original*, and for that very Reason had industriously preserv'd them as near as ever I cou'd. For unless we retain the *Peculiarities* of an Author's Style (especially such a one as *Cervantes*) I don't think it possible to give the *English* Reader a just Notion of his *Spirit* in Writing. One Passage these Gentlemen stuck at more than the rest, as an unaccountable, an unphilosophical---and--- (a what not)--- Expression. 'Tis in Page (4) where the Captain says---  
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He remain'd Fir'd with those Hands of Snow. They assur'd me, This was too plain a Mark to be mis'd by the Critics, and bade me prepare for it. I answer'd, 'Twas an *Antitbesis*, a Figurative Way of Speaking, very frequent among the Poets and Orators both Ancient and Modern. To one of the Objectors (who understood *Spanish*,) (and all of them *Latin*) I quoted the Original-- *To Quede abrasado con las manos de Nieve*. But neither this nor any thing else wou'd they allow to be of sufficient Authority. I have since met with an Instance that comes up in every respect to the present Case. I do therefore recommend it to the consideration of my worthy Friends, particularly Mr. E. and Mr. T. It is to be found in the *Delectus Epigrammatum in usum Scholæ Etonensis*, and was made by *Petronius Afranius*, upon his being pelted by his Mistress with Snow-balls. The learned and ingenious Editors give it this Testimony-- *Elegans et Acutum Epigramma, Affabre undiquaque conciunnatum, & omnibus numeris absolutum*.

*Me Nive candenti petit modo Julia ; Rebar  
Igne carere Nivem ; sed tamen Ignis erat.  
Quid Nive frigidius ? Nostrum tamen urere pectus  
Nix potuit Manibus, Julia, missa tuis.  
Quis Locus insidiis dabitur mihi tutus Amoris,  
Frigore concretâ si latet ignis aquâ ?  
Julia, sola potes nostras extinguere flammâs  
Non nive, non glacie, sed potes igne pari.*

Which I have endeavour'd to turn into *English*, almost *totidem verbis*.

*While Julia thus her Snow-artillery Deals,  
Hot burning Balls her wounded Lover Feels.*

*In:*

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*Intensely cold is Snow. And yet ev'n Snow  
Sent from her Hands cou'd make my Bosom glow.  
What Place against the Snares of Love can shield;  
If Fire in harden'd Water lies conceal'd?  
Julia; My Flames, thou, only, can'st restrain  
With equal Flames; not show'rs of Candid Rain.*

The Reader will observe there was almost an insuperable Difficulty in hitting the double meaning of the Word *Candenti*; Hot and White. The Adjective *Candid* by adding the Apostrophe ( ' ) becomes a Participle of another meaning. Take it either *Candi'd* or *Candid Rain*, it may pass, in this Case, for *Snow*; so much for that.

Of the *Horse Sejanus* (mention'd in Page (58) I have a Word or two. *Ille homo habet Equum Sejanum*, Such a One has the *Horse Sejanus*, was an ancient Proverb us'd in speaking of an Unfortunate Man.

This Horse was of a wonderful Bigness and Composure; but had such a Fatality attending him, that whoever was in Possession of him (*Is cum omni domo, familia, fortunisque omnibus suis ad interecionem deperiret*) Came to some miserable untimely End with all his Relations, Family and Fortunes, says *Aulus Gellius* in his *Noctes Attice* (Lib. 3. Cap. 9.) He goes on, and gives the History of this Horse-- *Primum illum Cn. Seium dominum ejus, &c.* A Roman Captain, one *Cneius Seius* (not *Oneius Seius* as *Moreri* calls him) was the first Owner of this Horse. He was of the Race of those which *Hercules* brought to *Argos* after he had slain *Diomedes* King of *Thrace* and thrown him to be eaten by his own Horses, which he himself us'd to feed with Man's Flesh. His first Master *Seius* was condemn'd to a cruel Death by *Marc Antony*. The Consul

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*Dolabella* bought him afterwards, and gave for him 100000 Sesterces (not much short of 10000 *l.* *English*.) This *Dolabella* was besieged by *Cassius* in *Syria*, and being slain there, *Cassius* carried away the Horse with him. *Cassius*, every Body knows, was overthrown at *Philippi*, and caused himself to be kill'd by one of his own Servants. After *Cassius's* Death the Horse became *M. Antony's*, and he too being afterwards defeated and deserted, made away with himself in a detestable manner. *Gabius Bassus* reports, that he saw this Horse at *Argos*.

To this I shall only add a small Nicety, which I the rather do, because I don't know that it has been taken Notice of by any other.

In all the *English* Books (I ever read) that mention this Horse, 'tis Written, The Horse *Sejanus*, with an *j* Consonant. Now (with Submission to better Judgments) I can't help thinking 'twere better writ *Seianus* with an *i* Vowel, and to be call'd in *English* the *Seian* Horse, or rather *Seius's* Horse, instead of the Horse *Sejanus*; for 'tis plain he took his Name from being first posses'd by *Seius*, and not (as *Coles* and others of our Dictionary-Writers would make us believe) from being first back'd by *Sejanus*. I know of no *Sejanus*, but him that was the intole Favourite to the Emperor *Tiberius*. Now if we consider the Distance of the time wherein this Horse and that Favourite flourish'd, He could not possibly be the first that back'd him. I do not doubt but 'twas this way of Englishing it (*Sejanus*) that induce'd *Coles* and the rest to imagine he was first back'd by *Sejanus*. In *Latin*, *Spanish*, *French*, and all other Languages I ever look'd into, it seems to be rightly express'd, and wrong only in ours. *Equus Seianus, Cavallo Sey-*

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*Seyano, Cheval Sejan, &c.* This last, (*Cheval Sejan*) is certainly ill render'd *the Horse Sejanus* by Mr. Collier in his Translated Dictionary of *Moreri*, and likewise by those who have done M. Bayle's lately. We may as well call the *Trojan Horse* the *Horse Trojanus*, as this the *Horse Sejanus*.

I shall trouble the Reader but with one thing more, and that's concerning the *JESUITS*, as *Cervantes* has it every where in Capitals; the only Word throughout his whole Book that is printed in extraordinary Letters.

Their true Character is so well known to every Body, that I need not give my self the trouble of making any Remarks on that part of the preceeding Piece which bestows so many Encomiums on them. Where there is no Poison, there needs no Antidote. *Foulis* in his History of Plots (however rambling he may be in the other Parts of his Book) displays the Jesuits in their proper Colours, and brings good Vouchers for what he says of them. 'Fit to undertake and finish any Wickedness; for which they have formerly been reproachfully banish'd France, Bohemia, Hungary, Moravia, Turkey and Venice, tho' since with much ado restor'd. They have suffer'd in China, England, Scotland, and other Places for their Villanies; nor hath Germany suffer'd they are not punish'd. *Thuanus*, *Pasquier* and other Authors (though Roman Catholics) think it not fit to attribute any Goodness to the Jesuit, knowing that he is a Subject too dangerous to live in Liberty, in any well-settl'd State, Spain excepted; these two reciprocally maintaining each other, more thro' Politic Ends than true Love of Religion, &c.

I thought it not improper to hint thus much, least some Readers should be surpriz'd into a better

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ter Opinion of them than they deserve, from what *Cervantes* says so seriously in their Praise. We must consider him as a Man making his Court to the Ministry of *Spain*, On the one Hand by complimenting the *Jesuits*, and on the other in Be-slaving the poor *Moriscoes* whom the Government had then Designs of Expelling. And above 800000 of them were actually forc'd out of the Kingdom in the Year 1610, which, no doubt, has mainly contributed to its present Weakness and Poverty.

N. B. The Observation (in Page 84) relating to these *Moriscoes*, I took out of a Roman Catholic Author.

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F I N I S.